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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1909.

The Week.

We are glad to know that the personal-baggage law is now so rigidly enforced that decent American citizens of both sexes are being treated on our docks as if they were pickpockets, thieves, and smugglers. This is what the law calls for and Collector Loeb is to be thanked, not abused, for so enforcing it. Every American is a suspect in the eyes of his government on his return from abroad, without regard to color, creed, or previous condition of servitude. Privacy no one need ask; respect for modesty or decency is particularly forbidden by the law. Inspectors have the right to open one's pocketbook, feel the contents of a hip pocket, and kick the lining of a woman's skirt. There is no disrobing performance which they cannot order, if they see fit; it is only kindness on their part that they permit ladies to be examined in seclusion. This is America in 1909; some few years after civilization was supposed to have been established in this country. We hope sincerely that Collector Loeb's authorized ruffians will invent still other means of annoying travellers. The latter had their chance during the "revision downward," but the personal-baggage abomination remained unchanged. Nothing will satisfy us, except such rigorous humiliation of every American criminal enough to spend money abroad as to make him swear vengeance on the political party responsible for so great an outrage.

With a postal deficit of $20,000,000 for the last fiscal year, it is not strange that Postmaster-General Hitchcock is canvassing the possibilities of economy in his department. For the previous year, the deficit was $16,000,000, but that was explained as partly the result of the panic of 1907. Postal revenues fell off with all other. But that excuse no longer avails. Indeed, it was pretty flimsy all the time, since the real reason why our postal service comes so far from being self-supporting is perfectly well-known. It is the extension of the rural free-delivery service. Every year Congress votes for the establishment of new routes, scarcely one of which comes near paying for itself, and the total effect of which is a steady drain of millions upon the Treasury. Yet let the Postmaster-General say a word against this, or attempt to check the rural free-delivery expansion, and he will see what will happen to him! It is one of those political luxuries which cannot be cut off even in hard times. The country has set its expenditure on a lavish scale, and finds retrenchment hateful.

A Washington correspondent has discovered another conspiracy by "the money-power." He declares that Treasury officials are carefully inquiring whether "certain moneyed interests" are not in a plot to make the government pay higher interest on future issues of bonds. After having boasted of our ability to float a 2 per cent. bond at par, and duly pointing out that this made American credit "absolutely the best in the world," etc., it is, indeed, something of a come-down to find that our government-guaranteed 4 per cent. Philippine bonds are selling at only 102, while the Secretary of the Treasury has had to be empowered to pay as much as 3 per cent. on loans on certificates or on the new Panama bonds, if any are offered. But this excited correspondent has simply discovered, not a crime, but a fact, and a fact long known to everybody but those who live in a world of imagination. The 2 per cent. rate was purely artificial. It was wholly a matter of forcing, or inducing, banks to take bonds at that figure, as a basis for circulation, or as a security on the strength of which to obtain government deposits. But the Treasury is now withdrawing funds from banks, rather than depositing them. There is a glut of government bonds, and their price inevitably falls. With the indirect premiums that went with the 2 per cent. bonds no longer possible, we are waking up to the actual measure of our public credit. It is not a conspiracy which the Washington correspondent has discovered: merely a mare's nest.

The strike at McKee's Rocks, which only the other day seemed lost to the employees, in spite of the rallying of an active public sentiment to their side, appears now to be more than half won, largely through the operation of the same force of public sympathy. Enough has been made known concerning conditions in the Pressed Steel Car Company's plant to preclude any real defence by the officers of the company against the charge that, leaving aside the nominal wage scale, they have been guilty of gross unfairness towards their men. The company is reputed to have placed its case in the hands of a committee of citizens for mediation. It concedes every demand of the strikers except an increase in wages, which it submits its books to show it cannot grant at the present time. Since the abolition of the pooling system, which the company now concedes, was one of the principal causes of the strike, it should not be difficult for a settlement to be arranged on the basis of a future increase in wages if industrial conditions should warrant it. The case of the strikers has been helped by their success in winning over the men imported to take their places. In all disputes between employers and their men nowadays the right of the outside workman to take employment where he can find it becomes immediately involved. But the strike-breaker's right to work is seriously modified when his labor, as has been shown to be the case at McKee's Rocks, has been obtained by misrepresentation and not infrequently retained by force.

The latest Gompers resolution to be ignored by the International Trades Unions Congress at Paris reads like excellent nonsense. The man who was unable to deliver the labor vote last November proposed that labor organizations the world over should exert themselves to prevent the emigration of workingmen to countries suffering from industrial depression. The resolution squares beautifully with the exodus from this country which set in after the October panic of two years ago. Workingmen are so notoriously attracted by the prevalence of unemployment and the prospect of starvation that only an international movement can keep this country from being swamped by immi-

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grants just when our factories are shutting down. What Mr. Gompers meant was that his foreign comrades in the international labor movement should pledge themselves to keep away from the United States until American workingmen had attained a degree of comfort and contentment where they were willing to let the alien have a look-in. Thus Mr. Gompers shares visibly in the beautiful spirit of unselfishness that animates our tariff-hoisters. When we have had all that we think we need and can stand, you may come in and see what you can pick up for yourself. This sentiment, to the protection high-priests, is quite compatible with the fact that America spells equal opportunity. This sentiment, to the labor unions, seems quite compatible with workingman internationalism and the brotherhood of man.

Is the American farmer over-educated for his calling? The new zeal for technical instruction goes too far when it raises a sneering voice against the "little red school-house" which teaches the American country lad how to become President, but not how to cultivate his father's acres as they should be. Only, those people who would reorganize our elementary school system so as to substitute soil-chemistry and dairying for geography and spelling, have still to show that the average farmer lad suffers from over-proficiency in the latter branches. If our schools were wholly engaged in training American Presidents, the change might seem to be called for. But it used to be supposed that the training of American citizens is a legitimate function of our public schools, and those acquainted with the ordinary standard of the rural elementary school will hesitate to believe that they teach more than the responsibilities of American citizenship call for. The average of culture is not so high in our country districts that we can afford voluntarily to reduce it—this aside from the common truth that a general education pays for itself by increased practical efficiency in any occupation. American agriculture, it is quite true, is in need of being placed on a higher scientific basis. But such higher knowledge must radiate from our agricultural colleges, our experiment stations, and our various government enterprises. Transforming the little red school-house into a farmers' institute for boys, would be to make the agriculturist's last condition worse than his first.

It is significant of our national tendency towards what is "practical" and "business," that an editor and publisher of an aeroplane magazine complains that America has been distanced by France and Germany and even England in the commercial use made of the recent flying machine inventions. "France has seen," he says, "that flying in the air will be quickly taken up as a sport. She has gone ahead (as she did with the automobile), to draw the attention of the world to the country as the centre of the sport of flying in the air and as a maker of flying machines." Eight or ten French firms, it is sadly pointed out, have already established factories for turning out these craft. They "are making more than twenty times as many as we are." And, alas, Germany is producing dirigibles with great speed, and even poor old England is trying to get going. The poor man fears that Americans will be compelled to buy their air machines in Europe, just as they did, at first, their automobiles. While the French are hailing the machine with joy as a new and inspiring addition to civilization, we have an American complaining that we may not reap sufficient material advantages therefrom. But, cheer up, it is not really so bad. There are already several factories in America manufacturing aeroplanes, with others in preparation here and in Canada. If French enthusiasm for general civilization has, as one of the results, a commercial advantage, that is something for our more "practical" genius to consider.

The recent aerial tournament at Rheims emphasized something more than the solution of certain problems in aeronautics. It brought out sharply the change that has come into the very process of the inventor's art. We are pretty far now from the classic picture of the unappreciated genius toiling for a life-time over his machine until he broke his heart, or, successful, flung his invention into the face of an astonished world. There is very little secrecy now in the business of scientific discovery, because there is so much more co-operation. The modern genius for publicity directs ten thousand hearts and minds all over the world to the working out of a single problem. Coöperation, to some extent, of course, even the earlier inventors knew. Fulton's title is not an undisputed one. Neither is Morse's, nor Bell's. The history of invention and discovery is replete with men who have hit upon the same idea or borrowed from each other and gone their own way. But there is a vast difference between such accidental connection and the systematic way in which the modern army of discovery is organized. Let the basic idea be brought forward, the problem put, and, if there be anything in the idea to seize the popular imagination, the attack begins. Compared with the painful struggles of the early inventors, it is like the march of the Japanese army upon Mukden, compared with an Indian raid. Learned societies and individual students develop the theory of the problem. Rich men finance experiments and offer prizes for this or that partial success. Governments grow benevolent, and in the last extreme, nations go mad with enthusiasm and make the task their own, as Germany has done with Zeppelin.

The sale, for two million dollars and a half, of a portion of the Maurice Kann collection of paintings, which has formed one of the most valuable private galleries in Paris, to the art dealers Duveen Brothers, who have a branch house in New York, probably means that some, perhaps all, of these important works of art will come to America. The collection includes four Rembrandts, three portraits by Franz Hals, two works by Van Ruysdael, one by Cuyp, one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and eight panels painted for Mme. Pompadour, by Boucher. It is thought that rich Americans are interested in this sale, as in the sale two years ago for five million dollars of the Rodolphe Kann collection; and that, perhaps, the reason why the sale did not take place earlier is connected with the removal of our tariff from old works of art. Now, these beautiful paintings may come to this country without duties. If it is true that they are to come here, it is a piece of rare good fortune, for the day when fine old pictures, especially collections of fine old pictures, can be obtained at any price, is well-nigh past. Italy, that great source of old art treasures, has put an end, by govern-

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mental act, to the prodigality with which it formerly allowed its priceless works of art to be distributed, sometimes for a song, all over Europe. And throughout civilization these objects, the educational value of which has never been so widely and keenly realized, have now largely been collected in galleries and museums. Old Europe ought not to envy young America its opportunity to secure one of the most important means by which the best of Europe's culture may be sympathetically understood in the New World.

After a shock like the capture of the British golf championship by a Frenchman, or the defeat of Leander by a Belgian crew, English opinion is likely to recover complacency by the thought that such events are, after all, isolated performances which count very little in the comparison of the general athletic average among the nations. When all is said, the fact stands that the average Englishman is a devotee of sport, while the average Frenchman or German is not. Athletics on the Continent is the fad of the rich. The important thing that is apt to be overlooked by the open-air Englishman in pitting himself against the puny or flabby foreigner, is that the foreigner, in his two or three years of compulsory military training, really passes through a course of physical culture which shows up very favorably against the beneficent effects of English sport.

The Riff coast continues to absorb new levies of Spanish troops. According to a dispatch, Madrid has just ordered the embarkation of a picked division of 11,000 men for Africa. Spain has her hand in the hornet's nest and cannot let go. If her troops meet with reverses, reinforcements are imperative to save the army and the national honor. If her troops make an advance, reinforcements are needed to hold the new positions and guard the increased line of communications. Such is the nature of North African fighting, as France found out a short time ago under conditions more favorable than those that now confront the Spanish government. The Spanish taxpayer will soon feel the heavy cost of colonial adventure. An extraordinary appropriation by the Cortes is being considered and is perhaps inevitable. The Cabinet will have its doubts before it takes the risk of a new popular upheaval by calling for new taxes or a loan in the face of profound popular disapproval of the war. But though the Conservatives may have to make way for a Liberal Cabinet, the country is too deeply engaged in Africa for any party to bring the war to a halt. The Spanish nation will pay the penalty of foolish government in blood and treasure, but the government, in turn, will pay the penalty in an intensified public discontent and a sharp increase in the Republican and anti-clerical propaganda which will bode the monarchy no good.

A crisis has developed in Franco-German relations, and this country is in imminent danger of becoming an interested party. A Berlin professor asserts that grave mistakes have been made in the mounting of the Diplodocus Carnegii recently installed in the Museum of Natural History in Paris. German scholars love to shoot holes in the professional reputations of their colleagues across the Rhine. It was a German professor who brought out the truth about the tiara of Saitaphernes a few years ago. Now comes the charge that the Paris Diplodocus, in having his legs adjusted almost perpendicularly to his vertebral column, like those of an elephant, has been placed in a class intermediate between the mammals and the reptiles, whereas it is among the reptiles he belongs. Did Diplodocus use his legs to stand on? French experts reply with warmth that the attitude in which Diplodocus has been mounted was not necessarily his habitual one. "Does not the distinguished professor at Berlin sometimes fall into odd and unaccustomed attitudes?" Thus the war goes on. Inasmuch as Diplodocus was donated to the French by an American philanthropist, and mounted by an American palæontologist, it is hard to see how we can avoid taking sides with France.

At Seattle, last week, marked honors were paid to a delegation of Japanese business men, members of Parliament, educators, and journalists, whose mission is to promote friendly relations between this country and Japan. The confirmed believer in Dreadnoughts is inclined to sneer at such methods of fostering international peace. What are the visits of a handful of doddering college professors and clergymen as against the tempests of national sentiment that blow up whenever *he* gets busy? He will point out that a public demonstration such as yesterday's at Seattle may be preceded and followed by a sharp display of nasty racial temper. That, in a way, is a form of inconsistency with which the Pacific Coast has made us familiar. Yet the fact remains that missions of friendship and mutual instruction keep coming and going across the Pacific while jingo outbreaks pass away like a bad dream. When the temporary fury has cleared, the Pacific Coast perceives how utterly incompatible with its vast dreams of Asiatic development is the maintenance of a cat-and-dog policy towards Japan. Seattle, now in the midst of her exposition and of great expectations, recognizes this fact, and so does California whenever the demagogue and the wild-eyed journalist will let her alone.

A final adjustment between China and Japan with regard to Manchuria comes after protracted negotiation. The thing that stands out most clearly in the ten clauses of give and take is that none of the matters under dispute was of such a complicated nature that it could not have been disposed of in a few months, if the parties concerned so willed. For instance, four years after the treaty of Portsmouth ceded the Fushun mines to Japan, China consents that Japan shall work those mines—and if we are not mistaken, Japan has been working them—upon payment of just compensation to the owners. Such a conclusion might have been easily predicted. Equally obvious are the compromises dealing with railway construction in Manchuria, and Chinese authority in the disputed Chien-tao district. Evidently, neither party was in haste to conclude negotiations; China, by force of habit, we presume, and in the belief that delay always works in her behalf; Japan, because it is to the interest of an ambitious power in Manchuria always to have an unsettled quarrel or two under way with China. It holds open the door, and supplies the excuse, for an incursion into any little game of general international politics that may be going on at Peking. Even now, for instance, Japan refuses to discuss the question of administration within her railway zones.

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DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE.

In an age of miracles, there have come within a week, with fairly stunning coincidence and unexpectedness, reports of the discovery of the North Pole, from Dr. Frederick A. Cook and Commander Peary. They have furnished an unparalleled scientific sensation which may continue for years to come. Few people were aware that Dr. Cook was in the Polar region, still fewer that he contemplated a dash toward the Pole. He now states that he reached the furthest North nearly three months before Peary set sail in 1908, or on April 21 of that year, while Peary arrived there on April 6, 1909. Thus, at last, the will-o'-the-wisp has been caught, which for centuries has lured men to destruction. An age which has beheld the successful employment of aeroplane, dirigible balloon, submarine, wireless telegraphy, and all the other marvels of the present epoch, now witnesses the final conquest of a fraction of the world which has challenged the imagination of men ever since it was finally established that this planet is round.

Dr. Cook tells us in his cablegram to the New York *Herald* that, with the aid of an Eskimo tribe of 250 people, he largely improvised his polar expedition, when only 700 miles from the North Pole. Pemmican and other supplies were furnished by the generosity of John R. Bradley from the yacht bearing his name. Dr. Cook set out, it appears, with eleven men, from Smith's Sound at sunrise of 1908; and crossing it marched over Ellesmere Land to Nansen Sound, following the latter until he reached the Polar Ocean at Land's Look, discovered in 1902. He was then well to the westward of Peary's usual tracks, and in good position to take advantage of the eastward drift of the ice. This portion of his journey consumed just a month, and thirty-four days later, after extraordinary hardships, with only two of the eleven companions with whom he set out, he arrived at the point of his desire, at the extraordinary average speed of nearly fifteen miles a day. The Duke of Abruzzi's wonderfully equipped party made, in 1900, 600 miles in ninety-five days. During the first stage, they covered only about five miles a day; on the return they accomplished ten. After two days' rest at the North Pole, Cook was able to turn back, he says, with enough food on his sledges to reach Nansen Sound, if he could average fifteen miles daily. He failed to do this, but, finding an underground cave on Cape Sparbo, he was able, with bow and arrow, lance, and knife, to kill musk-oxen, bears, and wolves enough, after his ammunition gave out, to survive the long winter of 1908-1909. He returned to his base this summer. No other explorer, we believe, has had similar good fortune in subsisting himself in the Arctic for so long a time. While his achievement, as thus far related, is not impossible, the scientific world maintains a proper attitude of skepticism until, by his observations, he shall be able to furnish satisfactory proof. Of this, Dr. Cook cannot complain; there is behind him no such record of service to science as supports Peary. But Peary should be able to help him make good his claim, if it is true.

The value of an established character was never more clearly shown than by the reception given to Commander Peary's cablegram announcing his having reached the Pole. A man of the highest professional standing in the navy, a dauntless searcher after knowledge of the unknown now no longer unknown, he has never failed to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the learned world that he went about his great task with scientific accuracy and truthfulness. No one has ever questioned a single statement of his in twenty-three years of persistent Arctic exploration. To him has been accorded every honor due one who is pioneer along arduous paths untried by man. He will everywhere be acclaimed without a suspicion of jealousy. Foreigners as well as Americans will, we are sure, rejoice unreservedly that such long and trying years of unrequited labor have at last been crowned with success. And we shall hear not at all of that "jealousy of savants" of which there has been so much idle talk in Cook's case.

This universal applause of Peary will not be dimmed even if it should appear that another reached the North Pole before him. The lustre of his achievement is not thereby tarnished. The man who went ahead could leave no trails behind to guide his successors any more than could Peary. The veteran had to overcome obstacles precisely as if he were the first to venture into the trackless wastes, and he conquered them because of years of careful study of Polar conditions, of patient effort, of iron-muscled endurance. Now that success has crowned his efforts, he will find as cordial a welcome from his countrymen as anybody could possibly expect. It will, we believe, be intensified by regret that the cablegrams announcing his discovery could not have reached the outer world a week earlier.

Henceforth, the Arctic explorer will give way to the scientist, who will be less desirous of making a record or a discovery than of adding to the world's scanty store of knowledge of things Polar. For while the scientist's spirit has always actuated Peary, of latter years everything has had to give way to the one great and honorable object of his life—the dash for the furthest North. We should now see more expeditions like Shackleton's, with its array of trained observers, experts in biology, geology, zoölogy, and meteorology, making their investigations in permanent stations, regularly relieved and covering an ever-increasing territory, until the whole of the Arctic shall have been mapped. Several governments united in such an undertaking at the time of the Greely and Ray expeditions from this country, and they might well do so again. But the future of Polar exploration will take care of itself; for the moment it is the present that concerns the world. That the honors belong to the United States is a cause for unfeigned national rejoicing. From the days of Kane onward, it has seemed, somehow, as if Yankee pluck and energy were entitled to this distinction. A nation of pioneers, home-makers for two centuries in the wilds of a continent, Americans were fitted by training and experience to continue these conquests of civilization. And Peary has typified in himself the best American tradition; simple, modest, unassuming, a gentleman and a scholar, he will wear his laurels with becoming grace, and will without hesitation share them freely and ungrudgingly as soon as Dr. Cook can produce his proofs.

CANADA AND OUR TARIFF.

Current dispatches from Montreal show that the Canadian press and Government are anxiously considering the effect of the new American tariff upon trade relations with the Dominion. The

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question of what policy the Canadian authorities ought to pursue need not be decided immediately, since the retaliatory provisions of the Payne-Aldrich bill, if they are to be enforced against Canada at all, cannot come into play before March, 1910. Even so, the time is short. Canadians admit, too, that the issue has taken them somewhat by surprise. They did not follow our tariff debates with very great interest or close attention. The strong feeling of national self-sufficiency which the past decade has brought to the Dominion, along with the expansion of commerce and manufacture, had made our northern neighbors rather indifferent about American fiscal legislation. Canada, like Cavour's Italy, was to do it all by herself. The old desire for a reciprocity treaty with the United States had largely passed away. The Americans could do as they pleased. But now the question is suddenly thrust upon the Canadians whether they are to have with us, not trade arrangements, but a tariff war.

The *casus belli*, if there be one, has to do, of course, chiefly with the duties on paper, wood-pulp, and lumber. Subsidiary is the matter of Canada's preferential treatment of British imports, and her pending commercial treaty with France. These questions apart, Canada can find little to complain of in our new tariff. Indeed, on several of her leading exports to the United States, the Payne-Aldrich bill lowers the customs rates, so that Canadian exporters are, to that extent, favored. The cutting of the duty on coal from 67 to 45 cents a ton should tend to increase Canadian shipments to New England. Last year, the value of Canadian coal exported to this country was about $4,000,000. So, too, the placing of hides on the free list may stimulate their export from Canada, the value of that product sent to us in 1908 being some $1,300,000. It is thought, also, that the reduction of the tax on iron ore to 15 cents a ton may have the effect of developing iron-mining properties in Canada.

These mercies, however, cannot but seem minor to the Canadians, in view of the possibility that their wood-pulp and paper-manufacturing industries may be hard hit by the retaliatory clauses of the new American tariff, and that a sharp difference over these items may lead to the application to Canadian goods of the maximum duties all along the line. The difficulty will arise under Section 2 of our tariff, which defines the maximum and minimum tariff. The President is empowered to ascertain whether any foreign country lays a "prohibition upon the exportation of any article to the United States"; and this extends not simply to any government, dependency, or colony, but to any "political division thereof having authority to . . . impose restrictions or regulations upon the exportation of articles which are, or may be, imported into the United States." This strikes directly at the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, which prohibit the exportation of wood-pulp. In addition to the higher, or retaliatory, duties specifically laid down in the paper and wood-pulp clause of our new tariff, this prohibition, if unrepealed, might draw upon the offending provinces the levying of the maximum tariff upon all their exports to the United States. On the other hand, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which do not forbid the exportation of wood-pulp, might be in a position to enter into highly favorable trade relations with this country. One sees how intricate is the problem thus forced upon both the provincial and the Federal authorities of the Dominion. As the Toronto correspondent of the London *Times* puts it, Canada is rudely awakened to "the craft, skill, and foresight," with which the American tariff has been drafted against her wood-pulp and paper industries.

The latest advices agree that the various provincial premiers are in active consultation with the authorities at Ottawa. A great difficulty in the way of any adjustment is the feeling of many Canadians that they have American paper-manufacturers at their mercy. By cutting off Canadian supplies of wood-pulp, it is only a question of time, they argue, when the transfer of the paper-making industry to Canada will be inevitable, in view of the rapidly vanishing spruce-forests this side of the border. Yet there is a sharp division of opinion between the two interests concerned. The wood-pulp men desire the continuance of the policy of prohibiting exports, to bring Americans the sooner to their knees. Canadian paper-manufacturers, on the other hand, would like a chance at the American market, under the lower paper duties of the Payne-Aldrich bill. They know that they will be the first to be hurt, if a tariff war breaks out and their product is heavily penalized in our custom-houses. Altogether, the resulting situation confronting the Dominion autnorities is exceedingly difficult.

Canadians have been counting upon the reasonable and friendly attitude of President Taft. They have quoted with satisfaction the words which he uttered at the Champlain celebration, wherein he dwelt upon the fact that an increase of trade between the two countries would be profitable to both. And it is to be noted that the new tariff leaves the whole matter to the discretion of the President. It is he who has to be "satisfied" that undue discrimination against us exists; and in applying maximum duties he "may" extend them to the whole country, or "may" exclude any "political division" thereof. Thus it will be seen that on our side, too, the task is one of extreme delicacy. If both governments approach it with open minds and in a friendly spirit, we are confident that a fair and honorable agreement can be reached.

AWAKENING OF THE BREWERS.

The action of the New York State Liquor and Beer Dealers' Association last week is in one way a pointed, if a back-handed, compliment to the recent prohibition agitation. If the laws that have been put on the statute book against the sale of liquor are wholly inoperative, there is little reason for collective defensive action by those interested in the liquor business. But while such prohibitory laws undoubtedly are but laxly enforced outside of rural communities, where the law is backed by strong public sentiment, the recent expansion of "dry" territory has sensibly pinched the brewers. When the traffic is under the ban, consumption seeks the most highly concentrated form of spirits. The bulk of malt liquor makes it difficult to conceal. The brewer, therefore, is more vitally interested in arresting the new movement than is the distiller. For several years the trade has begun to realize that a change of tactics was necessary. The old extreme assertion of personal liberty, the denunciation of sumptuary legislation, and the allegation that the temperance crusade was merely an attack on private

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property have been abandoned. As a prominent dealer said in the recent convention of the United States Brewers' Association at Atlantic City: "Gentlemen, there is only one way for a man to put his house in order. It is to do it himself. The common house in which we all live is in need of such putting in order, and no one individual among us occupants of the house can accomplish the task single-handed."

The opponents of the liquor traffic have fairly forced home upon the trade the acknowledgment of its responsibility for the "dive," the disreputable illegal den where liquor furnishes the fit nucleus for vice of all sorts. The chairman of the brewers' literary bureau told them last week that "the continuance of the 'dive' rested largely with the brewers themselves." In various States, the brewers have taken measures to cut off this excrescence, hoping by its elimination to stem the torrent of adverse public sentiment. In Texas and Ohio, and in various cities, especially Milwaukee, the fight against the "dive" is undertaken by the wholesale trade. Thus in Ohio, they have organized a Vigilance Bureau, and have employed a detective staff to secure evidence for effecting the forfeiture of licenses by retailers who do not obey the law. Either the toleration of gambling on the premises or the admission of women of doubtful reputation to the saloon is ground for the withdrawal of the license. The fact that evils of this kind gravitate to the spot where liquor is sold, however, will make such an effort at reform extremely precarious.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that, from a business point of view, the trade is interested in the maximum sale and consumption of liquor. The opposition to the "dive" is primarily commercial and not moral. Indeed, a recent writer attributes much of the current animosity shown towards these places to the fact that, relatively, the "dive" is a poor customer. The dealers are willing to throw overboard a child or two to satisfy the wolves of public opinion, hoping to make their escape with the greater part of the family uninjured. How thoroughly competition rules in the business, moreover, is illustrated by the incident narrated at the meeting of the Liquor Association. When two years ago New York brewers decided that certain notorious resorts at Niagara Falls should no longer be supplied with liquor, the enterprising Chicago brewers came promptly to the rescue of the beleaguered sellers.

The movement to reform the trade "from within" involves difficulties similar to those which attach to the same process when applied to a corrupt political organization. Half-way morality or half-way legality is, of necessity, a condition of unstable equilibrium. In the resolutions adopted last week, the trade calls for the passage of a law permitting Sunday selling from one o'clock in the afternoon until eleven at night. Whatever be thought of the advisability of such a law for a city population largely of foreign antecedents, it is certain that the rural legislator is strongly against such a proposal. In the absence of such legal permission, the interests of the brewers directly clash with the law. How, under the circumstances, will they be able to pose as the champions of law and order against the abandoned dive-keeper, while they must consciously aid and abet the violation of the Sunday-closing law?

The resolution which the association adopted favoring the limitation of saloons to one for every 750 inhabitants looks to a more promising reform. At present, there is estimated to be one saloon for every three hundred persons living in our cities. The reform of the city liquor traffic must evidently for some time move along the line of decreasing the number of saloons. The gain to be derived from this innovation is not primarily to be found in the reduced per capita consumption. It is rather to be expected in a change in the character and responsibility of the retail dealer. Should the value of the license be artificially enhanced by a strict delimitation of the number of drinking places, its loss would become very serious financially.

It is estimated that something like $550,000,000 represents the capital invested in the American brewing industry. The direct ownership of saloon property by brewers is put as high as $25,000,000, and their advances and loans to retailers at $70,000,000 more. In other words, saloon property to the value of almost $100,000,000 is practically in the hands of a relatively small number of brewers. The responsible agent in the liquor-selling business is not the man behind the bar, but the man behind the brewery. He is going to sell the last drop that will yield a profit, so long as his business is not endangered. The direct responsibility of the brewer for the character of the liquor traffic is now well recognized. Reform evidently lies in making the brewer find that it is profitable to keep the law. If he can see it for himself, so much the better. But he can no longer deny the responsibility, and the community will increasingly put the onus of law observance on the man "higher up."

PRESIDENT LOWELL'S OPPORTUNITY.

Rather naïve press dispatches have appeared in the last day or two, informing the public that, in his coming inaugural address, President Lowell will have some reforms to announce. On this basis, one of our contemporaries has been moved to remark that Mr. Lowell would seem to have policies of his own in contradistinction to those of his predecessor. We violate no confidence in recording prevalent Cambridge belief that it was precisely because Mr. Lowell was known to have ideas of his own as to the future of Harvard University that the majority of the Fellows elected him to the position he now fills. Moreover, Mr. Lowell has on two or three occasions since his election so clearly indicated several reforms which he has in mind as to make it certain, months ago, that his inaugural will be an exceptionally interesting document, and that the college world will find the developments at Harvard during the next few years of absorbing interest.

What, for instance, is to be Mr. Lowell's attitude toward the elective system, to which Harvard owes so much of its prestige and so much of its extraordinary growth under President Eliot's guidance? It is already known that Mr. Lowell thinks that the honor degree should mean more than it does. He has placed himself on record as being of the opinion that men should come to college to work and not to play, and—strange man—he is even emphatic in his belief that scholarship should be at least as highly rated as athletic prowess. Mr. Lowell's mind is of the type that leans toward practical suggestions. That there is dissatisfaction among

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hundreds of Harvard graduates with the education they received, he must fully understand. What modification of the elective system he will advise is, therefore, the question of pressing interest, and not whether he will make any recommendation. The story is told that President Dwight of Yale once assured President Eliot that the ideal curriculum was one making the freshman and sophomore studies compulsory, but the others wholly elective. Mr. Eliot was able to show his distinguished colleague that Harvard had held the same view some ten years previously only to abandon it. There are those who think that the Bryn Mawr group system of studies is the ideal one, and others who prefer still another arrangement.

What Mr. Lowell favors, he will make known in due course. Whether or not he is able to find some workable plan for better guidance of the Harvard undergraduate, and closer supervision of his work, no one can question that some such reform is necessary. In an educational pasture of surpassing richness, too often the Harvard student knows not where to nibble, and overlooks the most nutritive morsels. Such rare personalities and illuminating scholars as the lamented Professor Shaler or the late Prof. G. M. Lane have often been passed by because there was no one at hand to tell of the fruits to be gathered. Hence, also, too many students have browsed here and tasted there only to find when the four years were gone that they knew nothing well; that beneath the acquired polish and smattering there was no solid foundation of learning. Mr. Lowell's great opportunity is, therefore, to devise some plan by which freedom of choice shall become freedom of *intelligent* choice in consonance with a man's future career.

No part of his inaugural will be more eagerly awaited by teachers than that which deals with this elective question. There is, however, another undergraduate problem of even greater difficulty, with which, as Mr. Lowell announced at Commencement, to the satisfaction of every thoughtful alumnus, he proposes to deal—whether Harvard is to be a genuine democracy true to its ideals and the interests of the Republic or not. Every one knows that Harvard has suffered because it has been called the rich man's college; every Harvard man worthy of the name has deplored the appearance near the "Yard" of those palatial private dormitories called "Millionaires' Row," we believe, by the irreverent. The struggles of the Western alumni to obtain still further representation on the Board of Overseers have often been a protest against the domination of Harvard by narrow Boston influences. The apparent aristocracy of wealth and social position in the leading undergraduate clubs and the exclusiveness and luxury of the private dormitories have led more than one graduate to ask whether he should expose his son to such influences. Too often private protests at Cambridge have been met only by a shrugging of the shoulders and a question as to how the university could possibly control private capital.

When, therefore, President Lowell let it become public that he proposed to grapple with this problem at the very outset of his administration, he won immediately the confidence of the alumni. His idea, so far as it has been outlined, is to build a series of freshman dormitories, separate little entities, in which the first year men shall live, not in cliques, according to their means, or the schools from which they hail, or their peculiar athletic tastes, but as freshmen in Harvard College. It would be, of course, unjust to President Lowell to pass final judgment on a plan he has had neither time nor opportunity fully to outline; so far as it has been indicated, it has met with overwhelming approval. More important even than high scholarship, or than leisure for professors to do creative literary work, or many another issue which will sooner or later attract and hold the new president's attention, is this fundamental one, that the Harvard undergraduate shall stand on his own feet, and that he shall rank not according to what wealth his father possesses, but by what there is in him and what he can bring to the university life. The problem is not confined to Harvard alone; nor is it anything else than a reflection of changing social conditions, particularly in our cities. No other is more difficult; yet by solving it, even if only partially, Harvard's new president will win the gratitude, not only of his alumni, but of the whole country.

IN CATALOGUE-LAND.

Early September is a season of heavy reading in catalogue literature. In the consumption of descriptive price-lists, illustrated and plain, the beginning of autumn ranks only after the beginning of spring. September is a starting-point both for retrospect and for anticipation. The amateur gardener turns once more to his well-thumbed nurseryman's catalogue, to compare what he hoped and set out to do with what the summer has actually brought him. The fisherman and hunter is getting ready for his vacation. What elaborate research in sporting-goods catalogues and railroad time-tables that calls for, need not be dwelt upon. Modern hunting is like modern warfare, wherein victory on the battlefield has really been won months before in the studious quiet of a War Office. Nova Scotia's hunted moose would be both flattered and convinced of the futility of resistance, if he only knew how many varieties of hunting-boot, of sleeping-bag, of tent-peg, of folding cot, of alcohol-stove, of flour-mixer, and of frying-pan, dealers have devised for his destruction. There are authorities who maintain that the hunter's entire attention should be properly given to the literary preliminaries of his excursion. For whether he slay successfully or not is a matter of chance, but there is no reason why, if he fails, he should not fail according to the rules of the game. Not every one of us can boast the spoils of Nimrod, but every one can see to it that his shooting-jacket shall be the very best thing on the market.

Vacations in themselves are commonplace. Their best sensations come at the beginning and at the end. Country roads are country roads everywhere, a little more or less dusty, a little more or less hilly, giving more or less of a pleasing outlook on hill and water. The most beautiful mountain path is never so beautiful as when we plan to walk it or recall how we walked it. At the beginning of a vacation we derive from the study of distances and altitudes an amount of pleasure altogether disproportionate to the real difference between 1,250 feet elevation and 1,350 feet, or between four miles from the station and six. As a matter of fact, one accidental unpleasant neighbor at the table may take away a sheer 1,000

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feet's worth of delight as we measured it in the catalogue, and an odd character or two may turn a little mountain farm-house into a most pleasurable habitation. But once in the city again, and away from the facts we have accepted with composure, we fall victims afresh to the spirit of the catalogue. Tracing out on a map the course of a day's tramp over the hills is to many of us more fun than the walk itself; so much are we the victims of signs and symbols, so accustomed have we grown to think of the printed word as the truth and of facts as only its approximation.

Book-prices or hook-prices, art-dealer's catalogue or the catalogue of the mail-order man, time-tables pored over by the armful and berth-prices weighed and trimmed—the pleasure of it all lies fundamentally in the shopping instinct of the human race. Only the light-minded will scoff at woman's predilection for the bargain counter. It is indulgence in a pleasurable exercise whose appeal we all really experience, however we deny it. There have been men who have put in weeks in choosing between Model 356 and Model 356B for hunting-boots, the difference between Model 356 and Model 356B consisting in one-sixteenth of an inch in the extension of the sole and in the width of the laces. More care than this a débutante could not give to the dancing-slippers for her first ball. In both cases any amount of attention would have been justifiable, but there is no ground for the historical sneer about women and the department store. The collector who searches catalogues for an eighteenth-century edition and the woman who goes to dry goods sales are alike indulging in the pleasurable occupation of reconciling what one would have with what one can have. To the extent of his ten-dollar bill, our collector is the master of the entire catalogue of treasures; to the extent of her ten-dollar bill, the woman shopper is at liberty to visualize herself the possessor of all that swims within her ken. This may seem self-hypnotism, but it is also a training for the imagination. With a complete catalogue before him, the gardener steeps himself in hyacinths and roses, the hunter towers mighty above the holocausts of the slain, and the book-worm rubs his cheek fondly against Caxtons and Elzevirs.

The tradesman's catalogue is a little world of perfect things, like Plato's world of ideal patterns. That is why we love to dwell in it. Bulbs never fail to thrive in catalogues, rifles never miss fire, sleeping-bags always keep dry, old volumes are always in good condition, old masters have never been retouched, old farm-houses are never insalubrious, hill and stream never fade in charm, and mountain-climbing brings exhilaration without effort, in catalogue-land.

A GREAT ACADEMIC PERSONALITY.

I.

Professor Shaler's autobiography* brings the story of his life almost precisely to the date of his marriage, and the rest is told by his wife; the volume being thus divided into two almost precisely equal parts. Such a division of labor in biography, in the case of a man well married, is ideal in at least one respect: each of the two parts of his life is treated by the person who knows it best. Not many wives, however, have made good biographers of their husbands—for reasons too obvious to recount; and Professor Shaler has so good a gift of narrative that the reader of the first half of this volume sincerely regrets that he did not live to write it all himself, as nearly as might be to the end. Nevertheless, if one goes on and reads the second half, the Memoir, one is moved to begin whatever one may say of the whole with a word of hearty admiration for the way in which Mrs. Shaler has met the demands, and resisted the temptations, of her task. Herself no stranger to the pen, she has had the good sense and the good taste to keep her account of her husband free from that too personal tone which renders unconvincing so many similar tributes of wives to husbands. Affection has not marred, but rather guided and controlled, this appreciation of one intelligence by another.

But this praise of the Memoir does not mean that it presents merely Shaler the naturalist, the teacher, the essayist and philosopher, the poet. Were that the case, it would deserve anything but praise. For, however effective Shaler may have been in any one of his many capacities, to those who knew him in the flesh his distinctly personal effect remains ten times as great. So strong, indeed, was his personality, and so remarkable in the *milieu* in which most of us knew him, that we do not merely find the memory and still vivid sense of it inseparable from his achievements; we would all, I think, agree that it was of itself his greatest achievement. It may well be that we are all unconsciously swayed in judging his contributions to the countless themes he wrote about, in assessing the value of his life to those who never saw his face or heard his voice; for we do see him and hear him in all he wrote. Quite probably, therefore, his wider fame and reputation is less and less distinctive than we have fancied it to be. It is not that, however, with which we are charged. The claims of the scientist must be referred to men of science, the poet's to readers and critics of poetry, the essayist's, publicist's, philosopher's, to such as are most interested in the various phases of life to which he successively addressed himself. That he could be all these things, could traverse and inhabit so many provinces of thought, fare forth so intrepidly on so many quests, was in itself entirely characteristic, and the most striking evidence of his extraordinary vitality. But we who knew him do not feel that our knowledge of him is circumscribed by the bounds within which we can companion him intellectually. The range of a personality may indicate, but does not measure, its force, and may not even indicate its quality. A peasant may know an intellectual giant and protagonist better than his peers. If a group of specialists in the fields Shaler invaded were to come together in a symposium of monographs on his life-work, they would probably leave the reader but slightly acquainted with the man. One who knew the man, on the other hand, though a specialist in none of his fields of inquiry, and to some of them an utter stranger, may yet write of him with a measure of assurance.

How many of us *did* know him, and how well! To make himself known, freely, democratically, to all manner of men—this was as great a part of his gift for human intercourse as his related ability to get quickly at the true quality of others. There are personalities potent through reserve, which attract by what is hidden no less than by what is revealed; but not of such was Shaler. Extraordinarily outspoken, and utterly free from snobbery, he made it his habit to go more than halfway—if necessary, to go the whole way—to thorough acquaintance with whomsoever he felt it right that he should know. That he could take the risks of such an intrepidity in friendliness and meet so few rebuffs was not merely or mainly because of the much he had to give, but rather because of the entire sincerity and genuineness of his concern about the other mortal. That concern was sympathetic, helpful, but never of the sort to give alarm to pride; for there was in it always, however benevolently directed, a kind of respectful, almost reverent, curiosity concerning the other nature that had an effect of compliment, particularly with the young. He was as free from

**Autobiography of Nathaniel S. Shaler.* With a Supplementary Memoir by his Wife. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.

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cant and patronizing as from snobbery; in his wide scrutiny and testing of his kind, no one, not even the youngest, felt himself pigeon-holed or dealt with as but a member of a class. I have known no other human being who carried quite so convincing a sense and assumption of fellowship, of brotherhood, into all manner of human dealings.

II.

But does this at all tell the story? Not, I fear, unless the *milieu* of this heartiness is understood; and it can hardly be understood unless it has been known. One does not encounter the phrase "Harvard indifference" very often nowadays, but it had much currency two or three decades ago; and whatever one finds at Cambridge now, one had no difficulty, two or three decades ago, in detecting the thing itself. The great Cambridge University stood then, much more distinctively than now, for an acceptance of universal standards, a throwing over of provincialisms, which seemed to find its fullest expression in an extraordinarily unenthusiastic attitude of individuals towards one another. It is doubtful if any community ever threw the burden of proof so completely, not on the newcomer merely, but on each and every one of its members who showed signs of harboring a lively interest in his neighbors. If one had unhappily acquired elsewhere a Western or Southern habit of miscellaneous likings and intimacies, and were so unfortunate as to crave them, this attitude proved particularly depressing. This, I say, was true two or three decades ago; but what was true then seems to have been only a little less true before that and may be only a little less true now. The pose of the moment heightened something already existent, and which did not pertain to Cambridge alone—a New England way or habit in human intercourse that is often disastrously effective in concealing and bringing to nought what warmth and friendliness there may be—and there is often much—behind it. They were lucky indeed, who, two or three decades ago, found their way through it to the finely shaded courtesy and appreciation of a Norton or to the fairly boyish naturalness and sweetness of a Child. Far greater was the number who got their first sense of welcome and recognition from Shaler; whom he first made to feel—as more than one has expressed it—as if there might not be anything unpardonable the matter with them after all.

Not, however, that Shaler himself ever felt quite at home in that atmosphere or ever breathed it quite freely. This he confesses more than once in the autobiography:

> At the outset New England was very foreign to me, and this though I could not discern in what the difference consisted. It was nowhere in the essentials, for at the firesides and the tables of those who were so good as to make me welcome I found always my own people, so like that I puzzled my wits to see what was the matter, and I hardly know to this day more of it than I did then; yet there is the intangible something which does not—did not then and even now does not—fit me, as does the social envelope I have found in England. I am inclined to think it is a secondary effect of Puritanism, which offsets the method of contact of man with man. Some slight, but yet important, peculiarity in the way people look at or greet you or pass you on the street with no sense of your existence—matters of no weight save for the fact that primitive-minded folk are as blindly sensitive as are dogs and other animals to the manners of folk about them.

But this, written after nearly half a century of life in New England and in the university, hardly reflects the chill of a first encounter with that unconcern—compact of the Puritanic, the academic, and the momentarily regnant cosmopolitan austerities—which one underwent a quarter of a century ago; the chill and gloom—no lighter word will serve—through which there nevertheless so often found his way to one's rescue this so unacademic professor with a craving for the frankly human so much stronger and braver than one's own. In that perpetual mission of recognitions, all that was salient, striking, amusing, picturesque, in Shaler's own personality, counted for quick understandings. Of the portraits in this volume, that on page 372 gives incomparably the best idea of his effect to the eye. This is the man one met in those days, slouch-hatted, bearded, cane in pocket, with something of Don Quixote's gravity in his mien, crossing the college yard with long, swift strides, but never too swiftly to stop short, if he knew your face, or thought he knew it, with suddenly outstretched hand and deep-voiced greeting, and a "Come and walk with me a bit!" and then a plunge forthwith into things that deeply concerned one's self or himself or the universe. Where one met him did not greatly matter, for one met him fully and squarely, and all of him, if one met him at all. But he was best met alone. A company, though it did not daunt or diminish him, did claim him collectively. Good as it was to be admitted to his home, one nearly always had to share him there with others, among whom his hospitality would not discriminate. A richer and, of course, rarer privilege was that the Memoir mentions: to go at night to the Agassiz Museum, and, if a light shone through the window of his office, toss a pebble against it, hear the bolts creak, and thus win an entrance, which was never permitted to seem an intrusion, to him and his long reed-stemmed pipe and an hour or two of the best man-to-man talk the Cambridge of that day afforded; at once the most intimate and the widest in range, the most freely personal, if need was, and yet the most highly charged with a frank and quick and sincere concern in all that pertains to the intellectual life. For this last quality, only Charles Eliot Norton could be compared with Shaler; if Norton's manner had the greater charm, and his taste and judgment concerning art and letters a finer sureness, his range was less, and he had far greater reserves.

III.

That Shaler gave of himself so freely, so prodigally—this undoubtedly put him sometimes at a certain disadvantage with stingier souls. It is not a pleasant commentary on human nature, but a true one, that mere withholding, or even the unresponsiveness that comes of having no response to make to one's fellows or to life, may in a certain way—a way too seldom scorned—profit a man more than the most generous casting of his bread upon the waters. Shaler did scorn such niggardliness and its rewards. There was in him something of kinship with Cyrano de Bergerac, content to answer the friend who remonstrated when he threw his purse to a beggar, "But what a gesture!" Nor was that all the Gascon there was in Shaler's nature; he undoubtedly shared with all great talkers a very human appetite for the effects of striking discourse, and as he grew older inclined more and more to emphasis and climax and the round statement that makes for marvelling. He had a kinship also with D'Artagnan and Benvenuto Cellini. If, like these, he held the listeners who marvelled, it was, of course, because his discourse, like theirs, had behind it always a big substance of achievement, experience, attainment. If, to those who knew him, it is impossible to detach these from his personality, it is equally true that without these his personality could not have been at all what it was. His uniqueness lay precisely in the union of candid humanness with far-ranging knowledge and speculation, high idealism, and the confident air of purpose that comes only from large handling of affairs.

His range was actually far wider than his books, various as they are in topic and manner, would indicate. There was one field into which even the Memoir fails to follow him far enough to give any idea of the extent of his activity. We read on page 397 that "the different State boards (the Highway, the Metropolitan Park, and the Gypsy Moth Commission) upon which he served, and the mining organizations with which he was connected, filled up most of the hours left over from his college duties," and that sentence, with the rather full account of his services as State Geologist of Kentucky, is all we have of him as a public servant. As a matter of

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fact, the hours he managed to give to the three Massachusetts Commissions were far from few, and his work on them anything but perfunctory. Of the first, he was undoubtedly the ruling spirit, and he should have a great part of the credit for forcing the subject of good roads upon the attention not of Massachusetts only, but of the other States and of the nation. Besides his ceaseless energy, he had an uncommon skill in dealing with politicians—the last gift in the world one would expect to find in a professor. He was as successful with Republicans in Massachusetts as with Democrats in his native Kentucky.

Nor did he at all confine his interest in public affairs to these scientific and semi-scientific concerns of the State. He took his citizenly and even his party obligations with the utmost seriousness. He kept in touch with his party organization, attended caucuses and conventions, served as president of a Democratic club, and won a really potent popularity among his Democratic fellow-citizens of Cambridge. He himself said once that getting on with Irishmen proves a man's human quality as nothing else does; and the Irish of Cambridge liked him as they liked no other of his class. The day he was buried, there was an extraordinary departure from the old attitude of town to gown; the shopkeepers of Harvard Square and the neighborhood closed their shops.

In "From Old Fields" he has told in verse some of his war-time memories, but it is a great pity that he did not tell them all in the vivid prose of the autobiography, which closes as he is going home to Kentucky to enlist. His military service, though in fact brief, was stirring, and it gave a sort of capping to his uniquely unacademic equipment of experience. All his life, however, he continued to have such dealings with unacademic men and affairs that he escaped altogether that effect of the academic life which usually puts those who live it at a disadvantage when they engage with men of business or of the professions over matters remote from scholarship. In such encounters he had not a trace of timidity or self-distrust, but invariably took the aggressive, and seldom failed to carry his point. He made good practical use of his geological knowledge in investments and in services to capitalists; and he rendered two practical services of the highest value to the university. Becoming dean of the Lawrence Scientific School in 1891, he brought it forward in numbers and equipment as I believe no other department of the university ever has been advanced; and, through his friendship with the late Gordon McKay, he secured and shaped the greatest single benefaction Harvard or any other of the Eastern universities has ever received. With these two achievements, the first of which involved an enormous expenditure of energy in administrative detail, join the fact that he did rather more than his share of the work of teaching and that his principal lecture course was the most popular in the university, so that he had to move from hall to hall to find room for it, ending in Sanders's Theatre; then add this other fact, that during all the years of his deanship, he never failed to visit a student who fell ill—and the dimensions of his service to the university are perhaps fairly indicated.

IV.

As to the scientific work and writing which he nevertheless contrived to get done, even a layman can perceive that the volume of it was great and that a keen intelligence characterizes it all. Of course, a layman cannot estimate its thoroughness. That it could not be so thorough, or so likely to last, as if he had put all his time and energy into it, must, of course, be taken for granted. The antagonism between men of the type of Shaler and Norton—for in this regard Norton's practice was as incorrigible as Shaler's; he would discuss American politics in lectures on Greek art—and men of the other and conquering type of unrounded specialists, is palpable, no doubt, in all our greater centres of learning. It had to do, I think, with a sort of questioning of Shaler's scholarship, his thinking, his entire value, in fact, which grew commoner as he grew older and his intellectual habits became more marked, and as the unlikeness of his ways to those of the younger men about him became more striking. I have no doubt that he felt the challenge to him and to the older school, the older tradition, and responded to it; and of all his responses the most remarkable, and in a way the most convincing, was that experiment of verse which he made so astonishingly late in life, and on the whole with such astonishing success. "Valour"—his Phi Beta Kappa poem—and "From Old Fields" were attempts of a striking sort, but still of an audacity not entirely unexpected. The five longish plays in blank verse which make up the series, "Elizabeth of England," came as a surprise even to his intimates. Outside of a very limited circle of readers, they do not even yet seem to have become known at all. He himself calls them an experiment of his unknown powers, and explains that he made it to disprove the saying, based perhaps on a remarkable confession of Darwin, that long devotion to science and long practice of scientific habits of thought will destroy a man's capacity for imaginative writing. If the disproof fails, it is because Shaler was always more than mere scientist; not because he does not show real imaginative power in his verse.

One looks into "Elizabeth of England" expecting to find it a waste of fine energy upon an old man's folly. One is more apt to find one's self very soon asking, "If this is not poetry, what is lacking?" Prepared, perhaps, for a brilliant imitation of good verse, one is puzzled to discover a line that divides such an imitation as this from the thing it imitates. As a matter of fact, it imitates nothing; it would be hard to name a more original work in English verse in recent years in America. One remains doubtful, but not in the least inclined to scoff. Like many of the other things Shaler did, though it lies very open to criticism, and though we can easily take towards it an attitude of superiority, to match it were another matter.

And so it was with all his intrepidities; if those who smiled at them had ventured upon the like, they would seldom have found it easy to carry the matter through as well as he did. The sum total of the achievements of his life was very great; and of the man's final sincerity and genuineness there is no doubt. An unstudious youth, who had sat under him, made once the astonishing observation that he was "a simple-minded man," and it was true, little as he himself would have liked it. The strongest force in his nature was the little boy in his breast, crying out for understanding, and for human sympathy and liking. He gave much to life and won much from it; but nothing he won was finer than the strong personal affection that stirred in so many men's hearts when it was known that his was still. There was not one of them all that did not deeply echo what he wrote at the end of his "Elizabeth":

Ah, here we know
That sorrow vast and vain for ages gone,
For beauty turned to dust, for voices still
That waked forgotten love to ecstasy,
For all the souls we know kin to our own,
With whom we never can exchange a cry
Across the gulf that parts us. Give to time
His fill of our dear store; let to his sea
Go down our treasured earth, and sun, and stars,
Until the all is void, if he but send
Back to our hearts the hearts of other days:
Then will the spaces glow as never yet
For all their orbèd splendours.

W. G. Brown.

Asheville, N. C.

Correspondence.

THE POLIPHILUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Hart of Cornell University has taken up the question of the Poliphilus. (See the *Nation*, August 26). I think I shall add a few lines to the subject which may interest, and, I hope, must

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interest, the readers or students of the art and literature of the Renaissance. Of course, I regret that my copies have been sold, not only for the reason of these words, but also because at long intervals this romantic volume—I mean romantic in the sense of a great personal meaning in the book; also romantic, because it is one of the most extraordinary books in the practical history of art—has been of great practical use to me.

How much its real influence at its date may have been exactly, I have not means of judging. Without an extremely full library of Italian books of the period, I could not tell in the direction of book information. I take it necessarily as granted that it must have had a great influence when one thinks of the French and English translations very close to the date, and that date the starting point of our settling into the formal lines derived from authentic or unauthentic old originals. Even the few words of Master Geofroy Tory imply the enormous importance of what Brother Francis Colonna did for the art and principles of decoration.

Therefore, I may draw attention to the French translation, which is more of an imitation than a translation, and whose value has been mostly that of the engravings, supposed to be "more correct than the original" and attributed many years ago to John Goujon, or else John Cousin. I do not know what the present correct notion is of their origin, but long ago they did not inspire full confidence in me.

I think the first edition is that of Kerver, 1546. There is another, also, by Zohory, and then another, much changed, by the abominable Béroalde de Verville. Certain French indecencies, which cannot be exaggerated, have both commended the book to collectors, and have turned away more scrupulous persons. Of course, as your correspondent mentions, there is the English translation, "The Strife of Louve in a Dreame," which is, as every one knows, the translation of the title of the Love Book. I have never seen the book or its pictures; it is of 1592, I think. I do not know Mr. Lang's reproduction, and am sorry for it. I know there have been unimportant translations, one from Didot's press, and it seems to me another which I used to have; not an early translation, a sort of account of the curious book.

Since my day of fifty years ago we must know, more or less, who did the drawings for the original Italian book. They were once attributed to John Bellini, as was the fashion of a certain moment. By this time, too, I suppose we must know all about Leon Crassus of Verona, who edited it. Your learned correspondent, Professor Hart, rightly draws attention to the fact that the original edition has in the colophon the date and place of issue as Treviso, 1467, while the last page gives us Venice, the month of December, 1499, in the modern offices of Aldus, *et cetera*. Perhaps, also, by this time that clue has been followed up. Italian catalogues of research are hard to find in ordinary New York life, so that I am writing to a learned scholar in Italy to get him to give me the last dates of information. But that is the line. We know that the Lady Polia was from Trevisa, and of the family of the Poli. Apart from everything else, the life story interests me; it should be impossible to cover up the history of life when we are learning, and I once sympathized in the story of another lost book of mine, in which the learned librarian, Charles Nodier, some seventy or eighty years ago, gave us along with the name of Trilby, a manner of describing our Poliphilus in an invented visit of the Lady Polia to Aldus after the date of her lover's death; she asked the famous printer to take charge of his memorial of their love. It was a pretty invention, and not so far out of the way as might seem.

I have sometimes amused myself by telling the first letters of each chapter of the book, which tell the secret. As we all know, the official name of the book translated is "Poliphilus, the Battle of Love with Sleep—Hypnerotomachia—wherein all human matters are taught as not being otherwise than dreams, and other things reasonably worth knowing, the book records (a work composed by Francis Columna)."

I have made a bungle at the translation, which is not easy, but which is mild compared to the text, written in the most extraordinary Italian, mingled with Greek, and even Hebrew and perhaps Arabic. There is nothing but singularity in the book; but of course, there is the secret. The secret is there in the capitals of each chapter. As I have said, it has been an amusement to me. I note the first letters of each chapter.

They go this way:

First Chapter,	P
Second Chapter,	O
Third Chapter,	L
Fourth Chapter,	I
Fifth Chapter,	A
Sixth Chapter,	M

etc., until you get "Poliam Frater Franciscus Columna Peramavit." "Brother Francis Columna loved Polia to distraction." That is the life story.

I have not referred to the French facsimiles published in the last twenty-five or thirty years. Popelin's volumes did not impress me. I might add that I used the book in the lessons which I gave in the years 1892 and 1893 for the Metropolitan Museum on the Lazarus Foundation. The museum wished to close its teachings in some manner of attracting attention. I taught to give a winner or winners of prize a chance of foreign travel and study on the foundation. The lessons had to be given at different places and intervals, the point of the teaching being to carry out the previous training of each pupil. I even had one in New Haven, whom I had to visit and give lessons to in the open air because he was a "plein airiste." Thereupon I was also asked to give lectures, which I did, and which were published by Macmillan & Co., under the title of "Considerations on Painting."

I learned last night that there are three wonderful copies of Poliphilus in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's library. I am offered one for $400. JNO. LA FARGE.

New York, August 31.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems a little singular that the love of natural scenery should be almost coeval with the age of modern science. Has the fact been generally noticed? And is the reason hereafter assigned a sufficient explanation?

Josselyn, one of the earliest travellers who saw the White Mountains, speaks of their appearance as "daunting terrible." Father Hennepin, the first white man who saw Niagara Falls, thought the sight "hideous" and the roar "infernal." John Woolman, called by Henry Crabb Robinson "that beautiful soul" whose writings are "a perfect gem," makes special mention in his Journal of being preserved in safety in one of his missionary tours to the Alleghany region, "by the kindness of Him whose works in these mountainous deserts appeared awful." Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, applies the epithet "terrible" to the romantic pass of Harper's Ferry.

Washington Irving, in his tales of Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, was almost the first to transfer the beauties of American scenery, as on the Hudson and among the Kaatskills, to the printed page. In fact, memory does not recall one of the earlier explorers and travellers in our country down to the time of President Dwight, who speaks of its magnificent scenery with admiration. Barber's Historical Collections of Massachusetts and Connecticut, published early in the last century, have many woodcuts of villages and buildings, but natural scenery is represented on the most limited scale and in the rudest manner, and little allusion is made to it in the text.

The reason of this is, perhaps, not far to seek; it is small wonder if the early settlers along the narrow strip of Atlantic seaboard saw little to enchant them in the dark and pathless wilderness that stretched toward the setting sun, filled with real and fancied perils, with wild beasts and wilder men, and brooded over by everlasting mystery. But the same is true of England, with its much older civilization. Milton loved a gentle pastoral landscape, such as met his gaze at Horton:

> Meadows trim with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks and rivers wide;

but when it comes to the Welsh border, in "Comus," he sees only

> . . . the drear wood,
> The nodding horror of whose shady brows

affrights the belated wanderer. The earliest guide book to the Lake country, in 1774, speaks of "the most horrid romantic mountains" about Borrowdale ("fantastic," is Coleridge's epithet). Not until Wordsworth came to interpret its beauty did the district attract pilgrims and admirers; and the Peak country in Derbyshire was regarded in the eighteenth century, that gilded and affected age, much in the way Johnson regarded the Highlands, as a rough and forbidding region, fit only for savages. Gibbon described Caledonia as a land of "gloomy hills and cold and lonely heaths." Goldsmith, alive as he was to the charms of Sweet Auburn, had a resentment against "hills and rocks that intercept every prospect." Scott first invested the region of Loch Katrine with beauty and opened up the heart of the Trosachs to the Sassenach, which had before been dreaded as enchanted land strewn with the wild ruins of primeval chaos. Cowper, gentle bard, writes in 1777 of the beauty of the Isle of Thanet, and at Eartham he glows at sight of "an inland valley, enclosed by magnificent hills, all crowned with wood";

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but Cowper's taste was for the pretty rather than the sublime, and he never saw any but the softer features of England's scenery.

In a word, the old Virgilian conception of "shaggy," "bristling," and "horrid" woods, and crags, and mountains held its ground well until nature ceased to be a name for the mysterious and tragical; and men began to see in it something beside an object of terror, and to gain some control over forces which seemed ready to crush and overwhelm them with their vastness and their unknown powers. It is significant that the age of modern science and of the admiration of the great and sublime in nature almost exactly coincide.

D. F. L.

Newton, Mass., September 1.

HANGING A HORSE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following account of the private trial and execution of a horse by command of the fantastic Marquis de Briqueville may be of interest in connection with the discussion in these pages of the "Trial of Animals." The extract is taken from an article entitled "Biographie des Excentriques," originally published without signature in *La République du Peuple*, described as "Almanach Démocratique, Paris, chez Prost, 1850," and republished in "Œuvres Posthumes" of Baudelaire, Paris, Société du Mercure de France, 1908. The article is evidently one of Baudelaire's bits of hack work, but even here the master's touch is felt :

First of all let us mention the Marquis de Briqueville, a very rich person, popularly deemed crazy and probably slightly so; at least, he did all that was necessary to justify the opinion one had of him. One day, as he was rushing violently through the streets in his brilliant equipage, one of his horses fell; the carriage was upset, and the marquis received an ugly contusion. He is brought back to his mansion; he is in a rage; he wants to dismiss his coachman. The latter justifies himself; the accident was not caused by any fault of his; one of the horses is to blame. "If it is so," says the marquis, "the horse must be punished; every fault must have its penalty." He orders all his household to appear; steward, butler, valets, scullions, grooms, it is a veritable court of justice. They all take their places. The marquis presides. The accused is brought in; he preserves in his noble bearing the calmness of innocence. The coachman makes the accusation; the secretary of the marquis, filling the office of lawyer, presents the defence of the quadruped. He is long-winded, heavy, flat, exactly as if he was pleading before Parliament; he quotes the Digest, he spits Latin; he concludes by requesting that his client should be returned to the stable whose finest ornament he is. The case is heard. The marquis gives his opinion first; he considers the accusation as proved; he votes for the sentence of death. All his valets hurry to vote like him; the whole thing seemed to them a joke; they were mistaken. The marquis had a scaffold erected in his yard; he addressed to the condemned a prolix discourse, in which he made him feel the enormity of his crime. During this oratorical display the unfortunate victim looked upon the instrument of torture with a firm eye. No affectation of courage, no despondency.

As soon as the marquis had finished, a groom threw, with dexterity, a rope around the neck of the patient, and a few seconds later the poor animal was suspended in the air, the coachman was pulling his feet down, a valet was stamping on his shoulders; the hanging was as correct as those daily exhibited in the square of the Grève. The attendants were stupefied with astonishment.

To those who care for Baudelaire, the "Œuvres Posthumes" is a little treasure-house, filled with bits of broken beauty, tender tribute, acid and illuminating comment, and penetrating humor. W. E.

Washington, D. C., August 31.

ANCESTORS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The love of ancestors is said to be a peculiarly characteristic trait of the Chinese, but the question has been forced upon me whether the determination to have ancestors at any cost was not possibly becoming an American characteristic. Indeed, its rising tide has come so ominously near to me personally that I am forced to seek for protection. Since 1906, when my public relation to a memorial to James Wilson, the signer and constitutionalist, made it natural, and especially since I have been preparing his "Life and Works," I have been besieged by those who have varying degrees of this ominous characteristic. Some modestly wish to know whether they are descendants of the signer—a stage of progress that is not necessarily dangerous, and yet I would advise no one to dally even in that apparently harmless state. I am justified in this advice by the acute forms which have come under my own observation. In one instance a party was so determined to have James Wilson for an ancestor that appeal was made to several eminent Philadelphians and even to the Governor to prevent the loss of so distinguished an acquisition in ancestry! It was of no moment that the will of this ancestor, "James Wilson," did not tally in dates, children, or most other features—one would not be defrauded of an ancestor in silence! Another took no chances of such a wicked conspiracy, but just held on to the said ancestor and became a member of a national society on that basis. Another gravely had an eminent bishop write to me for a similar purpose, reasoning that a bishop's endorsement was a title deed to the "ancestor." I suppose I have been appealed to in these unfortunate cases on an average of about twenty-five times a year during the period mentioned. And one can imagine how heart-breaking it becomes when to each questioner one must reiterate: "I am sorry to say that James Wilson had but one child who married, and but one grandchild of that union, and she died unmarried, while, it need hardly be added, all descendants have passed away years ago." A letter of Wilson's oldest son, the Rev. Dr. Bird Wilson, who survived all the rest of Wilson's family excepting the granddaughter mention d, states the case. It can be seen at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and the facts have been generally so well known by those who have been familiar with Wilson material that these claims have always been amusing—except to the one to whose lot it has fallen to write the above sad reiteration. I do not wish to assert that the determination to have ancestors at any cost is a national characteristic—not yet.

Burton Alva Konkle.

Swarthmore, Pa., September 6.

Notes.

It is interesting to hear that John Lane Company will bring out an edition of Dr. Johnson's Poems, with an introduction by William Watson. Mr. Lane has also the manuscript of a new volume of poems by Mr. Watson, to appear early this autumn.

From A. Wessels we are to have a life of Corot by Everard Meynell.

Harper & Bros. announce that a new book by Sir Gilbert Parker will come from their press early this autumn. The title of the novel is not yet given.

Sturgis & Walton will soon have ready "The Great Wall of China," by Dr. William Edgar Geil. The author is the first foreigner who has traversed the entire seventeen hundred miles of this wall, and his account of the journey ought to be interesting.

For travellers and others the Oxford University Press has issued a happy little anthology of verse under the title of "The Englishman in Italy." It includes not only poems about Italy, but the work of men who have loved the land. Thus space is made for such a poem as "Adonais," as much for the reason of Shelley's residence in Italy as because Keats was buried in Rome.

Three new volumes in E. P. Dutton & Co.'s "World's Story Tellers" bring us the work of Balzac, Chateaubriand, and The Essayists (*i. e.*, Overbury, Earle, Steele, Addison, Johnson, etc.). The editor, Arthur Ransome, furnishes introductions to these, as to the earlier volumes.

The Rev. P. W. Browne's "Where the Fishers Go: the Story of Labrador" (Cochrane Publishing Co.) may be described as an historical guide-book to Labrador with a personal note imparted by the fact that the author, in the course of his ministerial mission, was able to visit nearly all the settlements of the forbidding coast. These are well described: the historical notes are sufficiently detailed, and there are full chapters on the flora and fauna, the aborigines, trade statistics, and directions for sportsmen and tourists. In fact, it would be difficult to discover a single volume in which so much information is contained, and for this reason the book may be heartily recommended to travellers to the northlands. Mr. Browne, while straightforward and clear, makes no pretence to fine writing, and we can therefore the more easily forgive him the many slips which the book contains, such as *laurus* for *larus* (gull), the reference to Kipling's "*muddled* oafs" (!), and the lack of consistency in spelling the names of places, tribes, etc. The volume is poorly printed, and copiously, though badly, illustrated.

Prof. Paul S. Reinsch's "Readings on American Federal Government" (Ginn & Co.) is an interesting attempt to adapt the source method to the study of an important department of political science. The material, drawn chiefly from the much-abused *Congressional Record* and from departmental or official reports, has been chosen with admirable skill and covers a wide range, hardly any topic of present-day importance in the practical working of the Federal system being unrepresented. As compared with history or economics, the

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difficulty of selection is peculiarly great, for the reason that, in matters of government and administration, change is often quite as important an element as accomplished fact, and discussions and events significant today are likely to seem of less moment five years from now. It may be doubted whether, for example, such illustrative extracts as President Roosevelt's summary of the work of the Department of Agriculture, in his annual message of 1904, or the reports of the Bureau of Corporations for 1904 and 1906, will continue very long to be the typical illustrations of the development of Federal power that they admittedly are now. For the present, however, the serviceableness of Professor Reinsch's book to the teacher and student, whatever the range of library facilities at command, can hardly be over-estimated, and we are glad to give the work hearty commendation.

The title of William F. Gephart's book, "Transportation and Industrial Development in the Middle West" (Columbia University Press), would have been more accurately descriptive if the State of Ohio had been used to indicate the geographical limits of the study. To be sure, in the eighteenth century and for a time in the nineteenth, Ohio was almost all the West there was, middle or otherwise, but, inasmuch as the history is traced far enough into modern times to include the interurban railway, the title is likely to be misleading. For attention is almost wholly given to this State, and wherever the discussion reaches beyond its limits, it invariably has its basis in this one locality. The book is an interesting and careful investigation, more exhaustive than has been published heretofore, of the evolution of industry in the State of Ohio and of the close relationship between this development and the progress of transportation. The unique position of Ohio in the growth of the West is attractively presented. First came the pioneer, who, after struggling to reach the headwaters of the Ohio, constructed his varied craft and quickly buried himself in the heart of the continent. With the coming of the steamboat, river navigation took on a commercial aspect, and southern Ohio became a region of industrial activity. The opening of the Erie Canal made close union with the lakes desirable, and canals were dug north and south across the State. Then came the railways, diverted southward by the lakes and northward by the mountains, finding here their most advantageous gateway to the West they were seeking. Finally, Ohio, not content with these facilities, has developed, as have few other sections of the world, the interurban railway, and is now leading the movement for the restoration of the waterways. The volume contains several helpful maps.

Prof. C. H. Grandgent of Harvard has published in Heath's Modern Language Series the first volume, the "Inferno," of the first annotated edition of the "Divine Comedy" in the Italian text ever undertaken in America (D. C. Heath & Co.). He states that his intention is to reach "the general literary public," but that he has also adapted his book "to academic use," and we cannot but hope, not only that reading of Dante will be encouraged in literary clubs and cultured circles generally, but that the study of Italian in our colleges will be stimulated and somewhat systematized and extended. A good text-book must make for the latter end, and a good text-book this volume ought to prove. The text is based, but by no means slavishly, upon the latest edition of the "Oxford Dante," and the annotation, while abundant, is discreet in its avoidance of encumbering erudition. Professor Grandgent has aimed to enable readers and students to dispense, for the comprehension of the poem, with every other book "save their dictionary." This doubtless means their Italian dictionary, but there are numerous untranslated Latin quotations which may puzzle some aspiring souls, while, on the other hand, many a note will save a lazy student from a visit to a classical dictionary. On the whole, we think it would be difficult to improve upon the annotations with respect either to their omissions or to their inclusions; and in their succinctness and, so far as our tests go, their accuracy, they are models of what notes should be. It should also be added that they furnish a large amount of carefully selected bibliographical information calculated to stimulate both reading and research. Perhaps, however, the notes yield in merit to the introductions prefixed to the cantos. These furnish comment, explanation, and discussion of special difficulties and show the learning and the balanced judgment of the editor to the best advantage. The general introduction gives a life of Dante and discusses his character and works in a sound and catholic fashion.

Charles Roessler discovered in 1901, in the vaults of Saint-Denis, a slab bearing an effigy of the famous armor dedicated "à monseigneur Sainct-Denis" by Jeanne d'Arc after the assault on Paris. He confesses that for some years he did not realize that it was *inédit*. In publishing it ("Jeanne d'Arc, Heroine and Healer," Williams and Norgate, London), he takes occasion to review the maid's career from the orthodox point of view, and to present a rather uncritical version of the most significant passages from the trial. Although the book bears the date of 1909, the reader must suppose that it was written some years earlier, or else that the author has lived a life of singular retirement. He presents the touching spectacle of a child picking daisies on a battlefield as he culls his favorite passages, unaware that he is between the terrific batteries of M. France and Mr. Andrew Lang. The publishers' advertisement describes M. Roessler as "one of the last universal archæologists." It should seem that a universal archæologist could not be too particular, yet his sweep has failed to acquaint him with the sly genius of Edward Gibbon. We can imagine the demure joy with which that historian would learn that M. Roessler, in support of the statement that for centuries the Christian church healed the sick and raised the dead, cites in good faith the famous sentence:

> But the miraculous cure of diseases of the most inveterate or even preternatural kind can no longer occasion any surprise, when we recollect that in the days of Irenæus, about the end of the second century, the resurrection of the dead was very far from being esteemed an uncommon event.

Nobody better fitted for the task of translating Cæsar's "Commentaries on the Gallic War" (The Macmillan Co.) could be named than Dr. T. Rice Holmes. His version was begun some years ago, and postponed until he had completed the investigations, since presented, to the delight of the scholarly world, in his "Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul" and "Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar." The work before us, therefore, is more than a translation; it is a summary of elaborate research. Footnotes are added where the text needs elucidation in matters historical and military, or the manuscript readings require discussion. Dr. Holmes speaks of the occasional carelessness of Cæsar's style, and believes that he did not revise his histories. The remark needs qualification in the light of Dernoschek's studies, which show that while the "Civil Wars" and Book vii of the "Gallic Wars" were not revised, Books i-vi of the latter work were subjected to thorough reëditing on the basis of certain grammatical theories that Cæsar held. But whether Cæsar's carelessness be intentional or not, carelessness is not intentionally reproduced in Dr. Holmes's version. It is clear and straightforward, with no endeavor for effect of any kind, and with none of the vulgarity of an up-to-date phrasing. It has not that imperial quality which gives the prose of Julius Cæsar distinction, and it misses the slightly satiric flavor which appears now and then, as in the description of the Gallic hosts and their numerous commanders-in-chief before Alesia (vii, 76).

But not to speak of unattainable goals, Dr. Holmes's work is one to which the general reader may profitably turn and which every teacher of Cæsar should study with care. In his preface, Dr. Holmes urges the prescription of Cæsar's Commentaries in the entrance examinations for the English military institutions at Woolwich and Sandhurst, rightly thinking it better for students at these places to know a few great authors well than to cull from a handbook information about Latin literature at large. The remark might be pondered by those American teachers who would "diversify" the high-school programme of the second year by miscellaneous substitutes for the dull pages of Cæsar. Nothing can be made interesting if Cæsar is not, and to one who sees not why, the various publications of Dr. Holmes may be recommended. The present book gives perhaps the readiest clue to the results reached in his previous works. It is equipped with an index of proper names and important military and political topics.

Anyone who has given twenty minutes to travelling by the elevated railway over the short distance between Friedrich Strasse, Berlin, and the suburb Charlottenburg, or has bumped along parallel to the peasant and his drove of cattle in one of the boasted *Schnellzüge* in Germany—all apologies to the two or three really fast trains in the Fatherland!—will see the need of some radical reorganization of the whole railway system such as August Scherl suggests in "Ein neues Schnellbahnsystem," a richly-illustrated portfolio just issued by the author at Berlin. Scherl, who is known for his great publishing enterprises and activity in reorganization of public undertakings in Germany, comes out unreservedly for a single-track railway, not

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of the type here and there already introduced in Europe—such as the famous Schwebebahn—but one placed on solid banks of masonry throughout the land, and elevated far above the houses in the cities, where the highest possible speed may be attained, and the largest number of people and districts served. There, with trains balanced automatically by appliances within the cars themselves, Scherl looks for a speed of quite 200 kilometres, or 140 miles an hour, and all compatible with absolute safety and the greatest comfort. He would have a central station in Berlin, and would lead the various lines of railway out like spokes radiating from a hub, extending the branches clear into Austria, Switzerland, and across the Rhine, so that Bremen, Cassel, Prague, Breslau might be reached in about two hours, Innsbruck in about four, Flushing in about six, and Geneva an hour later. Scherl believes in the importance in social life of quick intercommunication, and holds quick travelling to be, after all, the cheapest; and in his efforts to provide for all possible conditions and demands from a somewhat humored public, betrays his indebtedness for many ideas to American railways. Passing by the main feature of the new system—the single rail, which Scherl admits will require some new engineering—the points of superiority are the centralizing of the lines and stations, the facility of junction between one railway and another, and the removal of dust and noise, as disturbing factors, from the experience of the city resident. A good deal of cleverness is shown in the economic distribution of the space for passengers within the cars and the stations, the offices of administration, etc., and the volume contains numerous plates calculated to instruct the laity as well as assist the engineer. Now that Scherl, at one stroke, has thrown down the gauntlet to all the theorists of the old and "scientifically educated" school, a flood of heavy and threatening brochures from opposing Germans may be expected in return. The ultimate result will probably be some increase of speed in railway travel in Germany.

A noteworthy publication in numismatic literature is the recent work of Ferdinand Friedensburg, entitled "Die Münze in der Kulturgeschichte" (Berlin: Weidmann). This book does not offer any new coins or new interpretations of inscriptions; but takes the rich data already on hand and shows the importance of coins as expressions of culture and civilization, business and commerce, religion and thought.

The rapidly increasing number of students and investigators in the particular field of water transportation will welcome the second volume in a series of technical economic monographs, edited by Dr. Ludwig Sinzheimer, lecturer in political economy in the University of Munich. The author is Hermann Justus Haarmann, who, in "Die ökonomische Bedeutung der Technik in der Seeschiffahrt" (Leipzig: Werner Klinkhardt), discusses both the direct and indirect effects of the progress of technical knowledge upon the development of water transportation. After considering the recent history of the development of vessels with respect to such matters as the increase of their carrying capacity, safety, and speed, he gives particular attention to their equipment and to the changing function of the officers and crew due to modern methods and conditions. The series will include studies in a variety of subjects, particularly of such industries as milling, sugar, glass, brick, chemical, and others of interest to students of economics and the general public as well.

"Gl'Italiani negli Stati Uniti del Nord" (Milan: Libreria Editrice Milanese), by Dr. Giovanni Preziosi, ought to be widely read wherever Americans are concerned in the question of immigration. For various reasons, the rapid influx of the Italians during the last decade has forced this question to the front. The Italians are not, by any means, the lowest or the most undesirable of the foreigners who have been coming in: they were simply the first who came in great numbers and showed slight or no capacity for citizenship. Their language, their illiteracy, their racial traditions have proved thus far too stubborn. Through them, we have had thrust upon us the problem: Shall the United States of the future harbor various foreign elements, which have not been and cannot be assimilated? If it shall, what hope is there for American patriotism, and the perpetuation of American principles? Now it is because Dr. Preziosi shows us clearly just what sort of material the Italian immigrants offer, that his book is so interesting. He has thoroughly studied the Italian colonies over here. He writes without prejudice. He puts his material clearly, and is familiar with the literature on the subject in both English and Italian. He deplores the evil reputation of his countrymen, and proves by statistics how little it is deserved. In New York city, for instance, in 1904, the Irish, with a smaller population than the Italian, had 1,564 of their number in the Blackwell's Island almshouse to only sixteen Italians. In 1902, 7,281 Irish were arrested in New York for drunkenness, and only 513 Italians; and so of other crimes. Dr. Preziosi admits frankly the too free use of the dagger by his countrymen among themselves, but he scouts the idea that there is a large criminal organization like the Black Hand. Its supposed intimidations and violence, he attributes to unorganized criminals, who have discovered the money value of pretending to belong to the mysterious society.

But it is the normal life and labor of the Italian immigrants that Dr. Preziosi's report deals with most amply. Their industry, their sobriety, their thrift, their patience and long-suffering under cruel hardships, he paints without exaggeration. He describes the many ways by which they are exploited: the function of the *banchista* and *padrone;* the utterly inadequate efforts of the few humane persons in each centre to relieve or protect the victims. Massachusetts was the first State to pass a law, adequately regulating the exploiters, and it is evident that every State, in which great numbers of Italians congregate must, for self-interest, take steps in their behalf. We entirely concur in Dr. Preziosi's conclusions that the paramount remedy is education. If the immigrants had a proper public school training in Italy, they would either not leave home, or they would find it as easy as the Germans and Scandinavians have found it on coming here to make a comfortable living. Once in the United States, they should fit themselves as rapidly as possible—by learning English and by adopting our ways and political ideals—for American citizenship; because until they can read and write, they must remain at an economic level hardly above serfdom. Dr. Preziosi's book ought to be translated.

From Turin comes the report of the death, in his eighty-ninth year, of Carutti di Cantogno, an historian and member of the Accademia dei Lincei.

Dr. Adolf Kamphausen, professor of Protestant theology at the University of Bonn, has died at the age of eighty. He was for a time secretary to Bunsen, at Heidelberg, and after Bunsen's death, completed his "Vollständiges Bibelwerk für die Gemeinden," with the assistance of Holtzhausen. He has also to his own credit a considerable list of books on the Old Testament and other religious topics.

PRINCIPLES OF TAXATION.

The Methods of Taxation, Compared with the Established Principles of Justice. By David MacGregor Means. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

"No one is satisfied," as Mr. Means remarks, "with the practical methods employed in assessing and collecting taxes"; but "there is little agreement concerning the reform of these practices," and we seem to be about as far removed from such agreement as people were a generation ago, when serious discussion of the subject began in the United States. A necessary preliminary to comprehensive reform is, undoubtedly, agreement upon underlying principles, and the present volume should contribute not a little to this end. If open to criticism at certain points, it is fundamentally sound at others; and is written in a clear and cogent style that must command admiration even where it does not carry instant or even ultimate conviction.

By "methods" of taxation, our author means principles of procedure, and his purpose is to compare the principles underlying present practices with the principles of social justice, in order to determine what taxes are just and therefore fit to be employed in an enlightened state. Of methods of taxation, he finds, there are three: the proportionate, according to which taxes "should be contrived with the purpose of taking from every subject the same proportionate part of his wealth"; the progressive, or "socialistic," by which "a part of the possessions of those who have greater wealth should be taken from them, and given to, or applied to the use of, those who have less"; and the economic, or fiscal, which aims "to procure the revenue of the Government with the least possible diminution of the revenue of its subjects." Before considering these, Mr. Means formulates the principles of social justice by which they are to be tested. Since every tax involves

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some interference with property rights, this part of the inquiry necessarily concerns the institution of private property.

The occupancy theory of property he finds obviously unsatisfactory, and the labor theory is valid only for such an amount of property as is necessary to support life. Rights in property obtained by transfer must be recognized because of the evils that would follow uncertainty about titles. The institution of property, as we find it, is generally approved since it has conduced to progress and secured sufficient diffusion of wealth and comfort to give the average man a stake in its preservation. Property rights, however, are not absolute; in a progressive society they are subject to modification; and discontent with extreme inequalities of wealth leads to approval of certain changes. In a progressive society, therefore, "conflict between vested rights and the requirements of changed conditions is inevitable," the outcome being a "series of compromises between the forces of conservatism and progress." In taxation, then, as in other branches of legislation, we must give due consideration to the "reasonable expectations" of property owners, but without recognizing absolute rights of ownership. So-called "unearned property," whether acquired by prescription, inheritance, gift, or otherwise, is the form most likely to undergo modification; and "it does not seem to admit of question that most men think that a more equal distribution than now prevails would better accord with justice."

Admitting, however, that the present distribution of wealth is not ideal, it is not to be assumed forthwith that a better distribution can be produced by means of taxes. The proportionate method, even if capable of strict enforcement, would leave men relatively where they are to-day; and it is clear that if a redistribution is to be effected, resort must be had to the progressive method. To apply either the proportionate or the progressive methods requires "that the government should ascertain the amount of the wealth, or of the revenue, of every subject." The practicability of such a procedure is not to be assumed, but must be determined from experience.

Disclosure by property owners and inquisition by public officers are the two methods by which the amount of each citizen's wealth must be ascertained, and in taxing property or incomes governments have applied both methods and in as many forms as human ingenuity can suggest. From the history of the general property tax in the United States and the income tax in Great Britain, Mr. Means draws ample evidence of the difficulties attending either method; but the story is so familiar to American readers that it need not be considered here. The abuses arising under the general property tax have long been notorious, and the British income tax has always had its critics. Our author's conclusion is that, human nature remaining what it is, the attempt to levy either a proportionate or a progressive tax upon all property or income will always fail to attain justice between citizens, however the requirements of justice may be defined. He calls attention, also, to the further fact that so long as part of the public revenue is derived from taxes on consumption, the total contribution of each citizen can have no assignable relation to the amount of his property or income.

Taxes on consumption have sometimes been defended as just, on the ground that outgo is proportionate to income, and that by taxing the one, governments may tax proportionately the other, particularly, if care is taken to exempt absolutely necessary articles of consumption. But the arguments by which such views are supported are easily shown to be fallacious, and Mr. Means concludes that, while indirect taxes may be indispensable, "they can never be maintained to be just." Habitation taxes, which are merely taxes on one form of expenditure, receive a more favorable judgment; and our author concludes that, "with proper graduation and exemptions," a habitation tax "would seem more than any other to afford that equality of opportunity which justice is thought to demand." It "furnishes revenue to the government, it obtains much of it from the profusion of the extravagant, and at the same time enables the parsimony of the frugal to accumulate the wealth on which the prosperity of the society depends." Inheritance taxes are somewhat severely criticised by Mr. Means, who, in addition to the usual criticisms, suggests that the high rates now in favor may lead to evasion. He concedes, however, that "the death tax does not occasion the outrageous injustice of the general property tax," and that, "if it could be substituted for the latter, and graduated as the theory on which it rests requires, justice would be more nearly attained than at present."

Even if it were possible to ascertain the aggregate possessions or incomes of all citizens and then tax them at either proportional or progressive rates, the intention of the lawmakers would be frustrated by the process of tax shifting. Mr. Means holds in general to the diffusion theory of incidence. Taxes on property or income differ from taxes on production or transfers chiefly in that they are collected at regular times and at determinate rates. He recognizes, however, that this theory assumes "not only freedom of competition, but also an unlimited supply of materials at a constant price." This leads him to recognize important exceptions to his general principle that taxes tend to be diffused throughout the community. The first exception is a tax on ground rent, which falls upon the landlord; and another is a tax on the net receipts of a monopoly. In his opinion, the ultimate outcome is that "nearly all the charges levied on personal property and on trade fall eventually on land, and with enormously increased weight." Even the progressive inheritance and income taxes of recent times probably tend to check accumulation, raise the rate of interest, and so defeat the avowed object with which they are levied—the equalization of fortunes.

The proportionate and progressive methods of taxation being seen to be impracticable and utterly illusory, there remains only the economic method. Since it is useless to attempt to distribute the charges of government "with any approximation to justice," as defined by advocates of the proportional or progressive methods, the only thing that can be done is to "procure the revenue of the Government with the least possible diminution of the revenue of its subjects." From this point of view, general property and income taxes are to be rejected; and most indirect taxes are highly obnoxious on account of their tendency to hamper industry or commerce and because their cost of collection is excessive. Inheritance taxes are better than taxes on property or income, but hardly meet the requirements of an economic system. Taxes on real property, proportional to the rental value, "comply very perfectly" with these requirements; a habitation tax, if properly graduated, is also satisfactory. Further than this "the deponent saith not," and we are left with the conclusion that, while it may be necessary to make many compromises with popular ignorance or prejudice, only taxes on real estate and the so-called habitation tax square with the economic method of raising public revenue.

It would be interesting to follow Mr. Means into the detailed discussion of different forms of taxation from the standpoint of the economic method, but that must be left to the reader. His analyses and classifications are often out of the ordinary run, and are interesting even when they do not seem to improve on the usual methods of attacking the problems. The chapter on the "Cost of Collecting Taxes" is particularly valuable, and perhaps the best in the book. He should not have condemned income taxes so absolutely without making a careful study of the tax systems of the German States, and his proposal for a single direct Federal tax apportioned among the States of our Union in proportion to the aggregate local revenues or expenditures is highly fanciful. His discussion of discriminating taxes on corporations is valuable, but he is certainly mistaken when he

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says that railways in opposing rate laws have always opposed particular rates and not the principle of regulation (p. 300). Study of the license taxes of various States would have led to a modification of the statement that the attempt to graduate liquor licenses has not been made in this country (p. 255). In his criticism of particular taxes, he has sometimes forgotten his own principle that "some inequality is inseparable from human life and from all taxation," upon which he has finally to fall back in his defence of the habitation tax (p. 271). But when these and other criticisms have been made, it must be recognized that Mr. Means has produced a stimulating, incisive, and valuable book.

CURRENT FICTION.

Anthony Cuthbert. By Richard Bagot. New York: Brentano's.

The matter of "Frank Danby" and the manner of the late Marion Crawford—so may be suggested roughly the quality of "Anthony Cuthbert." That is to say, it is a modern story of sex, told in a way at once simple and prolix. It makes no appeal to prurience, but it prides itself upon calling a spade a spade. Unfortunately, it is disagreeable without being impressive. Its chief episode, or situation, is by no means impossible, and the episodes which lead up to it are arranged with a good deal of ingenuity. But the whole thing strikes us rather as a clever study in an unpleasant type of fiction than as a wholesome and complete piece of art. It is a penalty of our story-madness that few novelists can afford to wait for a right inspiration; clever workmanship is all we demand of them. "Anthony Cuthbert" is distinctly below Mr. Bagot's previous performances. He has conceived an appalling thing; but his conception has appealed to him as striking possibility rather than overwhelming fact. He has fancied in it material for a narrative of the generous proportions still favored in England, and he has written such a novel, or what looks on the surface like such a novel. In reality, as he actually feels it, the theme is material for a *conte:* a Frenchman would have got the effect of pathetic irony with a tenth or a twentieth as many words. Tragic irony, an effect so sombre and profound as to justify his scale, Mr. Bagot certainly does not achieve.

The plot has the international (or, as it is usually called, cosmopolitan) element, which is just now, whether or not as a sign of our advance in civilization, so highly approved. England and Italy —Northumberland and Florence—supply the chief scenes with a sufficiently abrupt contrast. Anthony Cuthbert is a widower beyond middle age, rich, well-born, and childless. He has lived much abroad, and some years before the action of the present story begins, has wished to marry a Roman girl of noble family. A disgraceful intrigue prevents his success, and involves the girl in a shameful marriage, from which she virtually, though not legally, withdraws. Cuthbert has given up hope of winning her, and proposes to make a nephew his heir. Fate throws the nephew and the woman together in a brief moment of love-madness, neither being aware of the other's relation to Cuthbert. You see the rest: the brutal husband dies, the lady marries Cuthbert; the horror of the situation is brought home too late to "the guilty pair," who have not hitherto regarded themselves as guilty. The deaths of the nephew and the wife make easier Cuthbert's subsequent magnanimity, which remains, after all, a trifle unreal, a little too much like complaisance.

The Woman and the Sword. By Rupert Lorraine. Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co.

This typical example of the swashbuckling school might have passed unnoticed a few years ago, but looms with some distinctness during the present vogue of introspective modernity. "Have at thee, caitiff!" will always touch a responsive chord in the more youthful register of one's emotional instrument, unless the chord be worn out by incessant thrumming. Mr. Lorraine has chosen his time well, but has somewhat rashly endeavoured to compress into one volume the bloody and violent deeds of a shelf-full; the pages reek crimson from the heroine's initial meeting with the hero, when she begins the bloodshed by biting him. After this, abduction, hair-breadth escape, and general carnage are the order of the day; subsidiary villains and such impedimenta are slaughtered right and left, and the book ends in a ruined tower, with a spectacular set-piece of gore, furnished mainly by the arch-villain, and a wedding at which the bride is most appropriately crowned with bandages, instead of the more conventional veil. The story as a whole, like so many of its school, is read with interest, and —perhaps ungratefully—ridiculed in the cold light of later judgment.

The Runaway Place. By Walter P. Eaton and Elsie M. Underhill. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The authors call this farrago of sentiment, nonsense, and city-weariness a "May Idyl of Manhattan." The runaway place is Central Park, New York city. The runaways are a young man with literary longings, out of work, and an ambiguous young woman on her vacation, who responds from a summer-house to his whistled air from Mozart. Feeling out of tune with the elevated, troubled by certain nostalgic reminiscences of fields of daisies, and believing that only children can be romantic in the metropolis, they contract to be ten years old for the time being. Though they indulge deeply enough in peanuts, donkeys, and swan-boats, it cannot be said that they sustain their parts with a very childlike grace or spontaneity. What is meant for fun verges on silliness; what is meant for romance verges on "softness." There is a manifest attempt in various passages to suggest the whimsical melancholy of Heine; but his fine-edged wit is wholly wanting, and the suggestion is rather of the melancholy whimsicality of the humorous weekly, not to say the Sunday supplement. Perhaps the most amusing thing in the book is an interpolated story based on a difference of opinion between New Englanders and Manhattanese on the subject of doughnuts and crullers. The most serious thing is something called a *causerie* on "How to Be Happy Though in New York." Neither of the authors apparently has solved the problem. For beneath this self-conscious, over-literary, and curiously inartistic medley there is a genuine note of discord and the half-articulate pathos of uprooted things.

The Full Glory of Diantha. By Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

Diantha was fond of poetry, and a line came to her mind from the book she had been reading:

'Tis great—'tis great to be alone.

The title of the masterpiece to which Diantha is able to turn with such enviable readiness is not given, and one's fancy is teased as to the mate of the vouchsafed line. Perhaps

'Tis dandy without any one

is as reasonable a surmise as may be. However, the poem evidently expresses only a mood of Diantha's, for the chief and avowed object of her life is to find, not solitude, but "the man of her heart." She is not, be it understood, a simple village maiden, but a very good business woman, a bookkeeper, in fact, in the considerable city of New York. She is half-inclined to see the man of her heart in the junior member of the firm which employs her, and he is willing to be that. But she is not quite sure that he will do; she inclines to some one a little taller, stronger, more "elemental," and with eyes of a deeper blue. She puts it frankly to the junior member. There are a good many men whom she has had no chance to consider, and she has the suspicion that the man of her heart may be among them. The junior member is a good fellow, and promptly assigns her to a position in the office of a logging camp in the far West. He gives her six months to find her "knight

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of old," and to bring him to New York for inspection; promising a liberal check by way of reward if the exhibit proves satisfactory. If she does not find the knight, she is to marry him, the junior member. The narrative which follows is too delightfully absurd to be dismissed as inane by the catholic reader.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

My Memoirs. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. Vol. VI. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

With the issue of the sixth and final volume, the Memoirs of Dumas, *père*, in Mrs. Waller's translation, reach the year 1833. Their author lived on until 1870; his most remarkable work in the novel was done in the years 1844-1850: we have, then, a memoir which devotes two hundred pages to the writer's father, without carrying us beyond the thirty-first year of the writer himself. But as the work aggregates some three thousand pages, we would not complain of its slightness. This bulky production is in no sense of the word "composed." It is simply the repository of numerous anecdotes, *mémoires pour servir*, and such cuttings from journals, plays, and poems (not always the original work of Dumas himself) as lay at hand. Had another than Dumas written his Memoirs with equal scorn of form and proportion, the work would have been unreadable. As it is, the dramatic sweep and the male vigor of Dumas dominate every page, giving the whole something of a factitious unity. Through these volumes march and countermarch legions of men of state—men of the barricades, men and women of stageland, men of letters, painters, journalists. We can only compare "My Memoirs" with the other works of the novelist; and if we place his story of himself below his avowed fiction, that must be because it is, here, not a single story, but a batch of unrelated romances—romances political and literary, romances real and romances ideal (*i. e.*, stories dressed up in cocked hats): all of them bound up together under a single title. "My Memoirs" is not one book, but many.

The man revealed in these Memoirs is generous to a fault: not in matters of money and hospitality alone, wherein he was a gull, but in sympathy no less. There is nothing grudging about his recognition of genius greater than his own. Dumas never failed to give Hugo all credit for his powers as lyric and dramatic poet. One reason why his Memoirs are, in their literary comment, indubitably thin, is the fact that he overrated almost all of his contemporaries. Speaking of an obscure collaborator, Dumas once remarked: "There is just something he lacks—I can't define what it is—to make him a man of talent." "Perhaps he lacks the talent," some one suggested. "*Tiens!*" said Dumas; "well, perhaps you are right. I never thought of that!" The novelist would have been far from resenting the imputation that he was weak in the critical faculty. "Criticism," he observes, "which does not produce children of its own, only picks up and fondles orphans which it can adopt; but it turns, angry and growling, on those children who are supported by a vigorous parentage." Even in his quarrels and duels, quite as in his literary controversies and opinions, Dumas was boyishly precipitate rather than captious or ungenerous. And though he was not given to introspection, it is one of his own pages that gives us the secret of his personality:

> With me gayety of heart is persistent, not the light-heartedness which shines through grief . . . but [that] which shines through the worries, material vexations, and even lesser dangers of life. One has a lively imagination because one is light-hearted; but this imagination often evaporates like the flame of spirits, or the foam of champagne. A merry man, spirited and animated of speech, is, at times, dull and morose when alone in front of his paper with pen in hand. Now work, on the contrary, excites me; directly I have a pen in my hand, reaction sets in; my most freakish fancies have often sprung out of my dullest days, like fiery lightnings out of a storm.

It is the author of twelve hundred volumes who speaks!

Although the translator of "My Memoirs" has rendered Dumas's unstudied prose into English that is always readable, she has not wholly escaped the marring solecism. She has been erratic, too, in sometimes translating, sometimes leaving in the French, phrases and passages. The texts quoted here at length cry out for more careful proof-reading: the errors are so glaring and so numerous in the final volume that it would be tiresome to enumerate the half. Yet the fact remains that, whereas we had, before, but two volumes of selections from the Memoirs, Englished by Mr. Davidson, we have now their whole disordered mass. They are, when all is said, as amusing—as spirited—as dramatic—as Mr. Lang has claimed in the entertaining essay with which they are prefaced.

Science.

The American Flower Garden. By Neltje Blanchan. With planting tables by Leonard Barron. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Edition limited to 1,050 copies. $12.50.

For many years there has been an opportunity for some one to write a book which should translate the spirit and practice of American gardens as William Robinson notably, and others less preeminently, have done it for English gardens. It was with this avowed purpose that the present work has been undertaken. The book is 8½ by 10 inches in size, is printed in a highly attractive and readable Caslon old-style type, on heavy, water-marked paper, and is illustrated with ninety-six full-size photographic plates and ten in color.

The demand for such a work is no doubt sentimental and æsthetic. Sensible, practical directions for gardening are contained in it, to be sure, but such as can be had much more quickly, fully, and scientifically by consulting Prof. Bailey's "Cyclopedia of Horticulture." However, as the sentimental and æsthetic side is nearly the whole game in amateur gardening, we may rejoice that such a book has come into existence. To the wealthy place-owner, into whose hands this *édition de luxe* will for the most part go, it will prove a welcome guide, interpreting the efforts of his landscape architect and his gardener. To the skilled amateur, *épris* of his art, it will come as the sympathetic and confirmatory outpourings of a fellow garden-lover; and to the person who merely loves flowers as the material of exquisite pictures, it will appeal by its charming and artistic illustrations.

Neltje Blanchan, to whom we owe the imaginative part of the writing, is already well known as the author of an excellent book for identifying wild flowers ("Nature's Garden"), and of other works on bird and plant life. The general plan of her chapters may be gathered from her treatment of "The Wild Garden": First, she touches on the abstract idea, and tells what an ideal wild garden might be and what such gardens have actually been in the past; then she describes some of the most useful materials for a wild garden, interspersing the story with the practical knowledge necessary to the making of one. After each chapter follow the planting tables, by Leonard Barron, which, though not by any means exhaustive, give all the best flowers, and fully as many as anybody but Crœsus has any business to try.

A great deal was predicted for the illustrations in the present work, and the untinted ones are all that could be asked. But the colored plates are a disappointment. Photographs of a high order they undoubtedly are; but color is strongly associated with idealism, and this quality is largely lacking. Perhaps if we did not have the wonderful crayon color sketches by Miss Margaret Waterfield in the English volumes of a similar sort ("Garden Color" and

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"Flower Grouping in English, Scottish, and Irish Gardens") we should feel better satisfied. In some plates the colors do not register with exactitude. However, it must be admitted that the process used gives the correct values of the flowers, which is more than can be said of the seed catalogues or the hand-colored plates of the florists. On the whole, this is such a satisfactory book and fills such a unique place in the literature of American gardening that we cannot help hoping that it will be put out soon in a popular edition.

In the many divisions of engineering courses in the universities and colleges of this country, the course leading to the degree of sanitary engineer is the most recent, and it is likely to become one of the most important, dealing as it does with the preservation of human life. Books on the subject are few at present, but they are certain to be more common as the demand increases. Two recent publications, by W. P. Gerhard, are "Sanitation, Water Supply, and Sewage Disposal of Country Houses" (D. Van Nostrand Company), and "Sanitation and Sanitary Engineering" (published by the author). The former takes up the subject in the title in simple terms, gives the experiences of the leading sanitary experts, and describes fully and comprehensively the various methods adopted. The latter is an enlarged second edition, deals with the subject in general, and is intended to show the benefit of proper sanitation, by the experience of cities which have adopted modern methods. Both are valuable, but the hints to builders of country homes will probably be of greatest use to laymen.

The death is announced, in his sixty-seventh year, of Otto von Bollinger, rector of the University of Munich, and principal of the Pathological Institute connected with it. His published works include "Die Kolik der Pferde," "Zur Pathologie des Milzbrandes," "Ueber animale Vaccination," and "Atlas und Grundriss der pathologischen Anatomie."

Drama and Music.

In "The Melting Pot," given for the first time in New York at the new Comedy Theatre Monday evening, Mr. Zangwill goes at a difficult subject with a light heart. The product of his dramatic melting pot was an unstable compound of melodrama, farce, burlesque, and rhetoric. That this country is the crucible in which the races of the world are destined to blend into the perfect human type, is the compliment which Mr. Zangwill lays at Columbia's feet. But he fails to demonstrate just how the future amalgamated American superman is to come about, or why, or when, or where. This play of the young Jewish musician, Quixano, who has experienced the horrors of Kishenev, but who is now ensconced with his uncle and his grandmother "in the Borough of Richmond," has neither progressive action nor development of character. And Mr. Zangwill has appropriately placed his unreal characters in improbable situations. Mr. Zangwill's conception of this country's function as a melting pot is literal. America is the crucible only, and contributes nothing. But it is plain that when a Russian youth and a Russian maiden meet in Staten Island and marry, we have not witnessed an example of true assimilation. Walker Whiteside plays the rôle of David Quixano well. The author has not given him a character to interpret but a large number of rhetorical selections to deliver. Mr. Whiteside has wisely taken the bull by the horns and goes through his part in a fine oratorical frenzy, though even his pleasing voice and physical restraint cannot save David from being a bore. Miss Crystal Herne as Vera Revendal succeeds in coming nearest to the natural. She is beautiful, and by voice and gesture gives expression to the spirit of poetic youth.

From Châlons-sur-Marne, France, comes news of the death of Clyde Fitch on September 4; his death having closely followed an operation for appendicitis. Clyde Fitch was born in New York city, May 2, 1865. As an undergraduate at Amherst College (where he received the bachelor's degree in 1886, and in 1902 the honorary degree of master of arts), he gave signs of literary aptitude. An apprenticeship as a writer of magazine stories for children, and as newspaper reporter, was followed by the scoring of an instantaneous (though anonymous) success as author of "Beau Brummel"—a play written for Richard Mansfield. Mr. Fitch wrote in all some fifty-four plays; all these in the course of less than twenty years. It is characteristic of the dramatist that, industrious as he must have been to establish such a record, austerity and aloofness were qualities that he never adopted. His secret lay, doubtless, in his ability to work under all circumstances and at all hours. A keen theatrical instinct found no small part of its expression at rehearsal, and in a tireless surveillance of "properties" and "business." The dramatist's mastery of the minutiæ of stagecraft, and his ease in giving to his work the note of "timeliness" dear to his public, conspired with his larger efficiency to make many of his plays uncommonly successful. Among the original plays by Clyde Fitch are to be numbered, besides "Brummel" and the one-act comedy "Frederic Lemaitre," "Betty's Finish," "A Modern Match," "April Weather," "His Grace de Grammont," "The Career of Betty Singleton," "The Moth and the Flame," "Nathan Hale," "Barbara Frietchie," "The Cowboy and the Lady," "The Climbers," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "Lovers' Lane," "The Girl and the Judge," "The Way of the World," "The Last of the Dandies," "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," "The Girl with the Green Eyes," "Her Own Way," "Major André," "Glad of It," "The Coronet of the Duchess," "The Woman in the Case," "The Truth," "The Straight Road," and "The Girl Who Has Everything." Among his adaptations were "The Masked Ball," "The Head of the Family," "Cousin Billy," "The House of Mirth," and "The Blue Mouse."

A work of peculiar attractiveness for lovers of music is Leopold Schmidt's "Aus dem Musikleben der Gegenwart: Beiträge zur zeitgenössischen Kunstkritik. Mit einer Einleitung von Richard Strauss" (Berlin: Hofmann & Co.). The author is a well-known musical critic in Berlin, and the first volume is devoted exclusively to music in the Prussian capital. The second volume describes musical compositions and performances in other German and European cities. Even those who may not agree with some of Leopold Schmidt's views will derive pleasure and advantage from his clear and comprehensive survey of the development and distinctive qualities of contemporary musical productivity. The introduction by Strauss, the celebrated conductor, adds greatly to the value of the work, which he warmly commends, although differing from the author on several important points.

Art.

Old Lace: A Handbook for Collectors. By M. Jourdain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50 net.

Its technical as well as its historical interest gives this book a claim upon lovers of old lace. As Miss Jourdain points out, the lace collector has the especial advantage in the pursuit of his art that he need not be ever on guard against imposture. A piece of modern enamel or silver may be treated to simulate old age in a manner that will deceive the very elect, but the methods of production of real and machine-made laces differ so essentially that imitation lace has small deceptive quality. The needle-point laces are entirely built up from a foundation of threads worked over by buttonhole stitch and other loopings, and the bobbin laces in many of their varieties introduce plaits to connect different portions of the ornament. As yet no machine has been able to duplicate these stitches successfully and cheaply. Moreover, in machine-work the operating force is uniform and the tension on the thread is constantly the same, producing a perfectly regular, flat tissue, whereas the slight irregularities caused by the unequal tension in hand-work are like a succession of minute ripples, lending to the work a peculiar individuality. It is just this treatment of the technical aspects of the subject, always a vital matter to collectors, which will give the present book a special place in the English literature of the subject. Much space is given to detailed accounts of the characteristics of the different varieties, and the thoroughness with which the work is done is exemplified on page 25, where a note describes eight kinds of brides, or connections, found in three square inches of fine rose point.

Having reëdited Mrs. Bury Palliser's classic "History of Lace" in 1902, the author's knowledge of that branch of the subject also is well grounded, and the historical material presented is judiciously chosen. An occasional echo of Mrs. Palliser may be heard in the de-

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velopment of the text, as well as in the arrangement which devotes a chapter to the product of each lace-making country or municipality. The laces of Germany, Sweden, Russia, Spain, Denmark, Switzerland, and Austria are not treated because they "did not result in work of any high artistic quality or importance." Austria and Russia can scarcely be said to have produced old lace, and Miss Jourdain thinks that the far-famed point laces which came out of Spain after the dissolution of the monasteries in 1830 were not native products, but had been brought there earlier from Flanders or Italy. Yet it is to be regretted that a little space has not been given to the other four countries, for, according to good authorities, they were all making lace in the seventeenth century, and the products of Germany and Denmark at least seem to have been well enough known outside their own boundaries to make their acquisition of some interest to collectors. The author believes that it is impossible to trace the actual origin of lace to Oriental sources, as has sometimes been attempted, but that the design of the early geometric laces, like that of metal work, was affected by the East, a fact hitherto unrecognized. Lace appears to have been born in Italy, and Venice, by her position as the great buyer and distributor of Eastern handiwork, was peculiarly fitted to transmit Oriental influences. In Venice the embroidery and trimming of white linen first came into fashion in Europe, and in Venice motives of Oriental design were first applied to the ornamentation of linen. The principles of design used were, "interlaced, repeating, star-shaped, and polygonal ornament, purely geometrical," and "these forms are exclusively used in early Italian reticella and *punto in aria* at a date when flowing scrolls and conventionalized flower ornament was freely used in the designs for embroidery." This is an interesting subject for discussion but it seems possible that technical difficulties which would never be encountered in embroidery might occur in the manufacture of flowing scrolls in lace, and so might limit the development of the design. The early lace was called *punto in aria*, or "stitch in the air," because it was made without any foundation of net or linen, and it is easy to see that at first beautiful curves would be an ideal difficult of achievement.

The illustrations are numerous and are excellent for their size (8½x6½). Particularly worthy of attention are plates xxiv, xxvi, and xxvii, which show specimens of rose point, of rose point pieced, the design being ruined in the process, and of imitation rose point, with cut linen foundation. An index of plates would be a convenience, although this lack is somewhat atoned for by a full general index. The contents of the book are not altogether new, for many of the chapters and illustrations originally appeared in the *Connoisseur*, having been revised and rearranged for their present purpose.

The frontispiece of the *Burlington Magazine* for August is a photogravure after a new Rembrandt, tentatively dated 1646 by Claude Phillips, representing either Diana or one of her nymphs reposing in a wood, her dogs by her side. The tiny naked figure has all Rembrandt's incredible ugliness, but one can fancy the flesh very gleaming in its dusky surroundings. The picture is, however, essentially a landscape. It is not so interesting in form or composition as some other of the master's works in this kind, but is said to be superb in color. A. M. Hind writes interestingly again on engravings and their states, and gives, in reproduction, a number of notable instances of the strange transformations a given plate may undergo in the course of its existence. In a sense, however, the most notable article is that on "The Training of the Memory in Art," which deals with Le Cocq de Boisbaudran's methods of teaching and their excellent results. The drawings by his pupils reproduced are certainly extraordinary—one wishes that the exact conditions under which they were made had been more clearly specified. It has long been the conviction of the present writer that the lack of proper training of the memory is the greatest defect of our modern manner of studying drawing, and one would like to know just how De Boisbaudran supplied this want. Apparently he depended on a sort of secondary memory—the memory of a drawing executed from nature or from the original to be copied—instead of on a direct memory of the object itself. He seems to have been troubled when Legros, sent to the Louvre to make a study of Holbein's Erasmus, came back with nothing in his portfolio, only to realize that the pupil was more radical than the master, and had brought his drawing in his head. It is this direct memory that we should like to see trained in our art-schools. The question is, how far it is possible to avoid the substitution of habit and formula for real observation and recollection. In the work of most artists who rely upon memory there is a vast amount of *chic*—of details supplied by tricks of manipulation or by a system of arbitrary symbols. Just where and how to draw the line between such work and the necessary and proper supplementing of special observation by the accumulated result of former observations—between *chic* and knowledge—is the great difficulty.

John Bunyan Bristol, landscape and portrait painter, has died at the age of eighty-three. He was a regular exhibitor at the National Academy of Design and the Century Club.

Finance.

THE ONE SHORT CROP.

That the country's cotton crop, whose condition was well below the average a month ago, had been badly hurt by the drought of August, was conceded before the government estimate of last Thursday was given out. That estimate, nevertheless, was something of a shock. Out of five trade estimates, earlier in the week, none put the crop's condition as low as 64 per cent., and the figures ran as high as 68. The Department of Agriculture gave out 63.7. This is the lowest September estimate in the twenty-seven years of the monthly government reports. It follows an estimate of planted acreage, in June, smaller than any such estimate since 1905. The cotton

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trade on Thursday figured out an "indicated yield" of 11,000,000 bales; yet the price of cotton hardly stirred. One may reasonably ask, how this should be possible.

Partly because the poor report was foreshadowed by a rise of 1½ cent per pound since early summer; partly for other causes. For one thing, September "indicated yields" are treacherous; last year, the trade's forecast at this time was remarkably correct, but it over-estimated the crop by a million bales in 1907, and under-estimated it by a million and a half in 1904. The planter is notoriously apt to exaggerate bad conditions in his statements to outside estimators; in so far as he can influence them in their compilations for the cotton market, they may usually reckon on influencing prices in the producer's favor.

It is true that any American crop of less than 12,000,000 bales would be small, and that 11,000,000 bales would be notably deficient. Such a crop would run far short of meeting the normal "world's requirements" of American cotton for the season. Last year, the Liverpool "Ellison estimate" figured out, as the sum of such requirements, 12,438,000 bales; it is at least as large this season. Still, there are ways of making up even so large a deficiency. In Egypt, for instance, where annual cotton production runs to nearly a million and a half of bales, the prospects of this season have been extremely favorable; India's crop, which is second in magnitude to our own, is figured out to be 5 per cent. larger than last year's. Furthermore, an unusually large surplus has been left over from the world's crop of 1908. Europe, whose storehouses held 291,000 bales at this time in the famous "short year," 1903, and only 723,000 even a year ago, reported 1,225,000 bales last Saturday.

These circumstances would doubtless serve to relieve the strain on the world's cotton-spinning trade; but the fact is equally obvious that, just so far as large foreign crops and large foreign storehouse reserves would mitigate the ill effects of a deficient yield in the United States, exactly to that extent would they handicap such familiar compensations to our own markets as a high price for producers and a valuable cotton export trade. However, the cotton season is still young. In 1903, the year of the 10,000,000-bale crop and the "Sully corner," foreign consumers did not show their hand until December. Cotton's highest October price at New York city was 10⅝ cents a pound; the highest November figure, 11⅝. Not until January did the market pass sixteen cents.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, F. F. Society and Politics in Ancient Rome. Scribner.
American Jewish Year-Book, 5670. (Sept. 16, 1909, to Oct. 3, 1910.) Edited by H. Friedenwald. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America.
Ball, R. S. Natural Sources of Power. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Becquer, G. Romantic Legends of Spain. Translated by C. F. and K. L. Bates. Crowell, $1.50 net.
Benson, R. Melchisedec. Holt & Co. $1.50.
Bierce, A. Collected Works. Vol. I. Neale Pub. Co.
Bindloss, H. The Greater Power. Stokes.
Coolidge, M. R. Chinese Immigration. Holt & Co. $1.75 net.
Drake: An English Epic. With special prologue by A. Noyes. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Dunton, L. School-Children the World Over. Stokes.
Ells, M. Marcus Whitman, Pathfinder and Patriot. Seattle: Alice Harriman Co.
Elshemus, L. M. Companionship. The Dreamers-Press.
Eucken, R. The Problem of Human Life. Scribner. $3 net.
Faris, J. T. Winning Their Way. Stokes.
Fleckenstein, N. T. Widow's Wisdom. H. M. Caldwell Co.
Hardie, J. K. India. B. W. Huebsch.
Hewlett, M. Open Country. Scribner. $1.50.
Houghton, C. E. The Elements of Mechanics of Materials. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Land Reformers' Handbook for 1909. Edited and published by Joseph Edwards. London, S. E.
Long, W. J. English Literature. Ginn & Co.
Loveman, R. The Blushful South and Hippocrene: Being Songs. Philadelphia: Lippincott Co.
Lowndes, Mrs. B. The Uttermost Farthing. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.
McCants, E. C. One of the Grayjackets and Other Stories. Columbia, S. C.: The State Co. $1.
McComb, S. The Making of the English Bible. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
MacKeracher, W. M. Sonnets and Other Verse. Toronto: William Briggs.
McSpadden, J. W. Waverley Synopses. Crowell, 50 cents.
Marks, G. C. Inventions, Patents, and Designs: With Notes and the Full Text of the New British Patents and Designs Act, 1907. Van Nostrand. $1 net.
Morris, C. Home Life in All Lands. Book II. Manners and Customs of Uncivilized Peoples. Philadelphia. Lippincott Co. 60 cents net.
Paine, R. D. College Years. Scribner.
Plunkett, I. L. The Fall of the Old Order: a Text-book of European History, 1763-1815. Frowde. $1.10.
Raymond, G. L. Dante and Collected Verse. Putnam, $1.25 net.
Report of the State Commission in Lunacy. Oct. 1, 1907, to Sept. 30, 1908.
Rice, C. Y. David. Doubleday, Page.
Sage, A. C. The Boys and Girls of the White House. Stokes.
Schofield, A. T. With Christ in Palestine. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Schuyler, R. L. The Transition in Illinois from British to American Government. Macmillan. $1 net.
Service, R. W. Ballads of a Cheechako. Philadelphia: E. Stern & Co.
Sharp, W. Songs and Poems. Duffield.
Sonnichsen, A. Confessions of a Macedonian Bandit. Duffield. $1.50 net.
Spemann's Kunst-Kalender, 1910. Lemcke & Buechner.
Stretton, H. The Christmas Child. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Swinburne's Dramas. With introduction and notes by Arthur Beatty. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Syntax of High School Latin. Edited by Lee Byrne. Univ. of Chicago Press. 75 cents net.
Vay Dyke, J. C. The New New York. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Wagner's Walküre. Retold in English Verse by Oliver Huckel. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Walter, F. M. Physiology and Hygiene. Heath & Co.
White, K. Poems, Letters, and Prose Fragments. Edited by John Drinkwater. Dutton. 50 cents.
Wright, H. B. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Chicago: The Book Supply Co.
Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, 1908. Washington: Gov. Printing Office.

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